

# COUNTRY LIFE

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H. WALTER BARNETT.

THE COUNTESS OF LEITRIM.

1, Park Side, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## A STRANGE . . . PROSECUTION.

WHAT is known as the Eynsford Bungalow case opens up a vista of dormant mediævalism lingering in our English villages and taking possession of the local bodies. Firstly, Mr. E. D. Till was summoned for breaking a bye-law that the Local Government Board had withdrawn. When we pointed out the absolute absurdity of prohibiting the use of all but incombustible materials in country cottages, no attempt at defence was made. Mr. Long, with a candour infinitely to his credit, withdrew the clause, with several others, from the Model Bye-laws. He fully acknowledged that precautions necessary for crowded streets were tyrannical when applied to solitary cottages set among fields. Mr. Till's bungalow is 50ft. from the road and 150ft. from any other dwelling. Around is a garden a quarter of an acre in extent. It must be evident to every member of the prosecuting body, the Dartford Rural Council, that a dwelling in half timber so thoroughly detached carries with it no risk of fire whatever. To take legal proceedings against the owner was only to cover themselves with ridicule. Mr. Till in building the place sought neither fame nor profit. He is a man who to our personal knowledge has assisted with heart and enthusiasm in many schemes for rural improvement, and has been at as much pains to keep his name out of the papers and avoid praise and fame as others have been at to obtain notoriety. To mention only a few examples, he re-established the Kentish industry of cider making, and willingly relinquished the material advantages to others. Few have done as much for peasant poultry-rearing and bee-keeping, for gardening, and orcharding and education. He bought land, and was moved to cottage building by seeing the vileness of the huts into which Kentish men and women are packed. During our agitation against the bye-laws we showed

photographs of these horrible dwellings as being probably the most detestable in Great Britain, and from our number for February, 1901, we reproduce some of the photographs. It may be that the Dartford Bench was justified in ignoring all this and, automatically applying the bye-laws of the Rural Council. That was at least a conceivable conception of their duty, though a very red-tape one, not likely to commend itself, for example, to a London magistrate, who is daily called upon to use his common-sense. But something can be said for country justices adhering to the letter of the law.

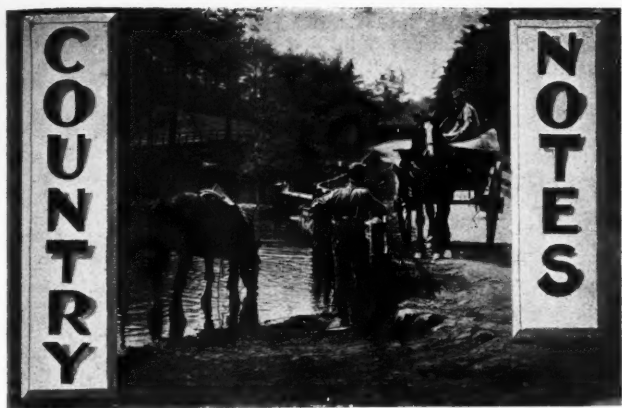
It is not such an easy matter to find an excuse for the Dartford Rural Council. The only reason why bodies such as this are allowed to exercise any control over buildings, is that they may see that the poor are decently housed. But that is a question they never seem to have considered. Their district has an ill-fame for its evil tenements and the difficulty with which labouring men can find accommodation at all. That is exactly what set Mr. Till planning these bungalows, and the exquisite absurdity of the whole matter is shown by the fact that within a few hundred yards, in the adjoining parish of Farningham, the same bungalow that is condemned in Eynsford is accepted as a godsend. Whether it is habitable or not our readers are in a position to judge for themselves, since we give them a plan, accompanied by a most interesting letter from Dr. Poore, than whom no one speaks with more authority on questions of rural hygiene. Surely his opinion ought to carry as much weight as that of "the six best men" of this extraordinary local body who went and declared the house uninhabitable. From the remarks of their lawyer it would appear that they objected to its being of one storey—which, from the cottage woman's point of view, is a crowning merit—and to the cheapness of the material. But here again we come upon a problem that needs solution. The labouring men are not well paid in the district, and a low rent is a *sine qua non*. However, these County Councillors did not visit the cottage with the broad purpose of ascertaining if it were suitable to its purpose, otherwise they would have been struck with the immense contrast between this house, as compact as a yacht—to borrow Dr. Poore's expression—and with a pleasant garden and the wretched huts into which so many of their constituents are crowded. Surely they might at least have imagined how much better for children to be born and reared in these wholesome and healthy surroundings than to be brought up in the savage squalor of the huts. What they did was to carry in their heads a pedantic set of bye-laws, now repudiated by those who drew them up, and judge not by native common-sense, but by these obsolete rules.

Outside the bounds of Eynsford the case is possessed of the deepest interest. To provide good cottages is one of the crying needs of the hour, and all who have thought it out intelligently hold that it will be more likely of achievement by personal invention than by rule of thumb; and unless something is done the result will be to throw cold water on all individual effort. The magistrates magnanimously resolved not to fine Mr. Till for acting the part of philanthropist, but they mulcted him of fifteen guineas of expenses for the council, and he had to pay his own. This is in the teeth of the fact that no one, not even his bitterest opponent, disputes that throughout he has acted in the most disinterested and generous spirit, seeking in no way to reap gain for himself, but acting exclusively for the good of his poorer neighbours. Nor is such conduct altogether isolated. Some little time ago one of the most eminent of English architects came to us with a complaint that he could not use thatch on some cottages he was planning for a well-known estate. The local body was not aware that the regulation forbidding the use of thatch had been withdrawn, and some of the members objected to having new bye-laws drawn up, on account of the expense of printing them! On that occasion the difficulty was surmounted, but it is well worth consideration whether Parliament ought not to make the advisory bye-laws of the Local Government Board compulsory. It is of little use making a change at Whitehall unless it can be carried out in the villages. Mr. Till will have rendered greater service than he dreamt of if his case should be the means of directing attention to the absurdity of the present conditions. All the same, we have no right to martyr him, even for that good end, and we hope means will be adopted to recoup him for the penalty inflicted by the Dartford Bench of Magistrates.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of the Countess of Leitrim forms our frontispiece this week. She is the daughter of the late Mr. R. Henderson, of Sedgwick Park, Horsham, Sussex. Last week, at St. Andrew's Church, Nuthurst, she was married to the fifth Earl of Leitrim. The service was choral, and the ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Chichester and the Archdeacon of Northumberland. The Earl of Leitrim's country residence is Mulroy, Donegal.





**L**OYAL subjects of the King, however much they admire his devotion to affairs of state, will view with some misgiving the very great activity now displayed by him. After the excitement and fatigue of Saturday's procession came the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's on Sunday, and on Monday he held an inspection on the Horse Guards' Parade of the Brigade of Guards. It led to a most interesting speech, in which the King expressed his pleasure in welcoming the troops home from active service. As a young man he had served in their ranks, and it was curious to find that he regretted not having been in any actual warfare, and almost envied his brother on that account. Such a speech affords us a pleasant glimpse of the Royal mind, yet we hope that his zeal for national business will not lead him into too much exertion. He cannot at present perform for his subjects any greater service than that of keeping well and strong.

Mr. Chamberlain's announced intention of starting on a tour in South Africa late in November is a step in the right direction. Questions connected with the organisation of our new colonies are bound to arise very frequently in the immediate future, and to be most difficult of settlement. The old fashion was for a Minister to deal with such matters from the seclusion of Downing Street. Usually he knew nothing at first hand about the colonies concerned, but had to depend on his permanent staff, and we know what the consequences were. Mr. Chamberlain, who has introduced so many new ideas into modern government, refuses to adhere to this ancient tradition. He means to study the South African problem on the spot, the races concerned, the ideals they have in view, the material they have to deal with. In some quarters it is hinted that the Colonial Secretary may possibly do more harm than good unless means are taken beforehand to gag him; but we can profess no sympathy with this view. Mr. Chamberlain is certainly outspoken, but he may be trusted to probe the various clashing interests in South Africa before venturing to support one in preference to another.

He has had very good precedents for the course he is taking. When the Prime Minister was Chief Secretary for Ireland he, accompanied by Miss Balfour, made a careful peregrination of the most unsettled parts of that "distressful country," and nothing but good resulted. The ill effects of having other Ministers who have not been practically brought in touch with their departments are daily apparent. Much waste and friction would have been avoided at the War Office and the Admiralty if we had always insisted on the War Minister being a distinguished soldier and the Secretary to the Admiralty a sea commander. But, truth to say, the practice prevails of giving portfolios to men who do not know their departments. The Board of Trade is not presided over by a merchant prince, nor the Board of Education ruled by a specialist either in scholarship or teaching. Sometimes, of course, the system works out well enough, thanks mainly to the efficiency of the permanent officials; but this is more by good luck than good guiding. In these days it would be no bad plan to insist that every holder of an office should have some practical knowledge of the work of that office. We cannot afford to do anything else.

We would draw attention to the question asked in the "Correspondence" column of this number as to the certainty of the food of young grouse. The important point to know is whether in the first three weeks or month they feed entirely on insect food, or whether heather buds, which they eat largely later, are a necessary part of their food at first. The importance of the question lies in this, that until lately it has been considered impossible to rear young grouse. Lately they have been successfully reared artificially by being fed on the custard and other mild animal food which quite young pheasants are given, and which is our artificial substitute for insect food. If a proper substitute can be found, both young grouse and young partridges

might be successfully reared anywhere, and ground otherwise ill-stocked could be supplied with a good head with a little trouble.

The tastes of University students are well exemplified in their election of Mr. George Wyndham as Lord Rector of Glasgow University in preference to Mr. John Morley. Mr. Wyndham was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and his life, from the time when he was secretary to Mr. Balfour, has been a continued run of good luck. Popular, handsome, clever, he has kept the ball at his foot. In his tastes he is not unlike his opponent, although if they had lived in other times one would have been dubbed a Puritan and the other a gay Cavalier. Mr. John Morley is serious to the point of being sombre. He approaches everything, war, politics, literature, with something of Covenanting solemnity, and didacticism is the characteristic of his writing. The new Lord Rector has, perhaps, in reality taken life with equal seriousness, only he does not show it, but touches everything with a laugh. It will be interesting to see how his Rectorial address will compare with those of his illustrious predecessors. He must speak from the platform Lord Beaconsfield spoke from, and one still hears Mr. Gladstone's sonorous "Quit ye like men" resounding from it. Speaking impartially, Mr. Morley was not certain to have risen to the occasion.

Mr. Hanbury, the Minister for Agriculture, in his recent speech, has had to balance himself very cleverly between the two parties who wish and those who do not wish to encourage co-operation among dairy farmers. To the outsider it seems plain sailing. Co-operation has done so much for the Danish and Irish farmers that it seems a plain and obvious remedy for all that is wrong in English farming. But the cases are entirely different. Wherever a milk trade can be done it is more profitable to sell milk than to make butter. One may take it that the price usually obtained for butter, say about a shilling a pound, works out at something like fourpence an imperial gallon for milk, and this would be reckoned a preposterous price to offer to, say, an Essex farmer who supplies London. In addition, he really has a ready-money trade of an extremely simple and uncomplicated kind. To urge him to take up co-operation and go in for butter-making is merely to ask him to lay aside the teachings of his own common-sense. Those who advocate an indiscriminate co-operation, therefore, preach to deaf ears.

At Epsom, the other day, Mr. Hanbury implicitly admitted all this. He reminded farmers that milk is the only monopoly remaining to them, and took occasion to warn them against the use of preservatives, which would obviously clear the way for foreign competition. If a farmer in, say, Cornwall is allowed to do so, obviously no objection can be made to one in Belgium or Normandy. He added, with much-needed frankness, that "in dairying cleanliness is not so effectively observed here as on the Continent, nor are the same minute precautions taken with regard to sheds and the care of cattle." He might have amplified this by pointing out that the formation of good milking herds is as yet a science in early infancy as far as Great Britain is concerned; so are feeding and the economical production of milk. But this does not exhaust the subject. There are large districts situated outside the area from which great towns are fed, and in these co-operation might be adopted with every hope of success. For example, the Lincolnshire farmers who in summer have to be content with a matter of sixpence a pound for butter, could easily improve their position by co-operative methods.

That Mr. Hanbury has acted with equal courage and good sense in declining to admit live Argentine cattle will be questioned by no one not directly interested in the meat trade. The arguments used by the retail butchers do not in themselves bear the mark of genuineness. They speak of a rise in price and demands on working-men's wages. Butchers are not primarily concerned in looking after working-men's wages. They also stated that less meat came from the Argentine than formerly. This was shown to be wrong. Cold killed meat is sent over in greater quantities than live meat before the prohibition. It is known, too, that the introduction of foot and mouth disease would cost us millions of money. Mr. Hanbury said plainly enough that the Argentine Government had allowed diseased animals to come here; that though it was now stated that that country was free from disease, the control there was so weak that the statement was not reliable, though made in the utmost good faith; and that he was bound by statute to be satisfied that the Argentine Government took proper precautions actually, and not on paper, of which he was not satisfied at all. The Argentine now sent us more dead meat than they had ever supplied before, and it was in the interest of the public at large to refuse the request to admit possibly infected cattle. If a similar answer awaits the request to admit Canadian beasts beyond our ports,

where at present they are killed on arrival, agriculturists at large will be relieved. The risks which would be run in the interests of a section of North Country feeders are too serious.

The pithiest characterisation of the agricultural season was heard at market the other day, when one farmer was explaining to another that it was "but a hen's year." They were discussing the new samples of wheat at the time, and the expression meant that the grain was worth practically nothing in the market—it was only fit to feed hens or poultry with. We fear this is what a canny Scot would call "ower true a tale." On an estate in North Essex, visited by the writer on Saturday, October 25th, the labourers were only completing the harvest, and, by a coincidence, the first post on Monday morning brought him word that on a Lincolnshire farm he is interested in the work was completed on the same day. What this means scarcely needs statement. If it is a "hen's year" in the comparatively favoured South, what name shall be invented to describe affairs in the North? There the corn in some places is still uncut, in others it lies out in worthless sheaves, scarcely worth carrying home as food for cattle. The harvest of 1902 is going to leave a very bad mark on the history of English agriculture.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, in a letter to the *Times* on the subject of Golder's Hill, illustrates very forcibly the truth of the saying that where an inch is given with a free will an ell is apt to be taken by compulsion. Four years ago the Golder's Hill Estate, being then in imminent danger from the speculative builder, was bought, with funds produced partly by the London County Council and the Hampstead Vestry, and partly by subscription. It was to be dedicated to the use of the public for amusement and recreation and, by Act of Parliament, the house and buildings were to be used "for the purposes of a museum, library, refreshment rooms, or for any other purpose conducive to the amusement, health, or convenience of the public." During the war a proposal that the building should be used as a convalescent home for soldiers was resisted, unsuccessfully, not from want of sympathy with our soldiers, but "because we feared that a loan might come to be looked upon as a gift." That is exactly what has happened; and the County Council is now seeking to make Golder's Hill into a convalescent home, to the exclusion of the public. Mrs. Hart has our entire sympathy in her protest. Golder's Hill would, no doubt, make a perfect convalescent home; but it was bought for the whole public, not for a section, and it was in the interests of the whole public that the purchasing funds were collected.

#### THE LAST NIGHT OF OCTOBER.

On the last night of October the living and the dead  
Once more in love foregather, or meet with hate and dread.  
There's not a grave in all the world can keep its sleeper in  
When the cold wind of Allhallows blows up among the whin,  
And the living bide by their hearthside to wait their buried kin.  
The bride that passed at Michaelmas goes stepping up the stair,  
Her groom in the dusk marriage-room lies waiting for her there;  
Her wedding gown, ta'en from the press, across the wedding chest  
Lies, smelling still of orange-flowers, and feels its silk caressed  
By ghostly fingers as she comes, still gay and young and fair.  
On the last night of October the dead, alive again,  
See hearth-fires blazing long and late, and candles in the pane.  
The miser, dead a hundred years, about his chamber moans,  
For his children's children spend his gold, unthinking, and he groans  
To think his hoard is spilled away like water between stones.  
The beauty of St. James's that Charles the Second kissed,  
Goes seeking living lovers to make her next year's tryst.  
The Quaker girl who died last year walks with a ruffled ghost,  
And smiles with sad and gentle face upon the hurrying host  
That come and go, and to and fro move hazily like mist.  
On the last night of October the dead come back to see  
What place in hearth and home and heart is kept for memory.  
For some the doors stand open, but the hearts they knew of old  
Are shut; for some the rooms are dark, the fireless hearths are cold.  
But the love burns high and cannot die like the love you lit in me.

NORA CHESON.

Big-game shooters deplore greatly the upset in Somaliland. The districts now devastated by war are the best and healthiest hunting ground in Africa; all kinds of large buck, as well as lions, are common. The soil is dry, and there is no fever, or very little. The Somali are absolutely the most pleasing race in Africa. They are agreeable, courteous to men and women, scrupulously clean and honest, and friendly to white men. For many years they have escorted parties of hunters inland, and always fulfil their contracts. The favourite occupations of a Somali when at leisure are cleaning his weapons and brushing his teeth. They are teetotallers, a nation of horsemen, and very courageous. Nor are they at all fanatical by nature, as are the Baggara and other Arabs, being of a mixed race. Many are employed in Aden as servants. It is to be hoped that some means can be found of ending the present war without extirpating such an interesting race of people.

Those who were enjoying early pheasant shooting at the end of last week had a happy experience. The whole of the beeches

still kept their leaves, but every leaf was turned to red-gold. The Scotch fir was in exquisite contrast to this; all the berries have turned scarlet, the semi-transparent crimson ones on the wild guelder roses being brilliant in the extreme. The oaks were turning, the ashes all yellow, the elms both green and gold in patches. The air was warm and still, acorns were dropping, and butterflies and day moths fluttering up the rides. The cock pheasants seemed to think that it was spring, and were crowing all over the woods, and when they had to face the guns did so in gallant style. Trees full of leaf make pheasants rise higher than when the tops are bare. Birds were very forward too, having come on wonderfully in the last three weeks. Strange to say, there are still quite small partridges to be seen, seven or eight in a bag made in the Home Counties not being larger than missel-thrushes. The fallows and stubbles are still full of late wild flowers, especially toadflax, large white daisies, corn marigolds, and white campions, making, with the brilliant colours in the hedge, quite an unusual setting for partridge driving.

One effect of the conspicuous absence of acorns this season is the peculiar attention that the wood-pigeons are paying to the fallen beech mast. This has not yet fallen in any quantity, but already the pigeons are making the most of it and are gathering in great numbers under the beech trees. Last year the oak woods were full of the pigeons, themselves often so full of acorns that they could make only the laziest of flights from it when disturbed. This year the oak woods will be comparatively deserted by them in the beech trees' favour, and it is likely that we shall not find nearly so many of the semi-migratory pigeons coming over from the Continent. A bird that does seem to be in unusual numbers this year is the jay. In course of the little covert shooting that has already been done jays have appeared to be ubiquitous. Another notable feature already appearing is the large proportion of cock pheasants to hens that have come to the bag. This fact makes the absence of acorns the more fortunate, for there is not a doubt that the male birds are the worse wanderers.

The seasons seem to have fallen so much out of gear that one hardly knows how to speak of them, but perhaps it is not too much of an anachronism to speak of a summer at the end of October as a St. Martin's summer. It is at least about all the summer that this year has given us. Its warmth is encouraging the stay of the swallows and house-martins, who remain with us later than usual. It also is encouraging a secondary and autumnal growth of many floral things that is not altogether to their advantage for this growth out of due season does not "amount to much" in itself, and, moreover, is an exhausting process for the plant. Another sign of the abnormal season is that we were eating strawberries, grown out of doors, well on into October in some of the Southern Counties. In the North, and in Scotland especially, this would have been less remarkable; but in the South of England it argues both a very late ripening of the fruit and also a kindly autumn that did not send a frost.

Is every wine sold as champagne to be accepted as genuine? That question is raised by some correspondence that has appeared in a daily contemporary, and it has a certain interest for those who are in occupancy of orchards and apple trees. It was contended by the original writer that much cider is sent abroad to be doctored, and returned as cheap champagne, and he very sensibly declared his preference for the apple juice in its natural condition. A practice similar to this used to prevail, but for some years past importers of champagne have shown a praiseworthy zeal in their efforts to prevent adulteration, and the question is to what extent they have been successful. Some of our statisticians might perhaps be able to solve it. There should be no difficulty in ascertaining the quantity of champagne actually made, and the amount consumed could be got at near enough for purposes of practical comparison. That they would agree is an opinion we scarcely like to venture upon, especially in view of the apparent paradox that more brandy is annually consumed than is made.

The story of the mission sent to establish an effective occupation of the vast region between the Niger and Lake Tchad will be read with pride. The little force plunged into an almost unknown region peopled by cannibals, savage Mahomedan negro sultans, and emirs, and wild tribes armed with poisoned arrows, riding bare-backed like North American Indians, and without a vestige of clothing. Attacked by a religious fanatic, they captured him and defeated his forces. Then, emerging from unknown deserts on to the shores of the almost unknown lake, they saw before them an inland sea, with thousands of birds on its shores and waters, as well as hippopotami and alligators, and herds of antelope on the banks. In the ruins of a deserted city extending over fifteen miles of country were many lions, wart-hogs, and leopards. They sent for the Sultan of Bornu, who was staying with the French, and formally installed him as the new Sultan.



## SHEEP-FARMING.

SOMETHING very like dismay has been caused by the publication of that part of the Agricultural Returns for this year (bringing us up to June) which relates to livestock. Particularly was this so with regard to sheep.

There was a decline of 611,000 in the number of sheep returned in Great Britain, and it followed upon a reduction of 215,000 last year, and 646,000 in 1900. A falling-off in three years of about a million and a-half in a total of about thirty-nine millions cannot be described as other than extremely serious. Our flocks have not fallen so low since 1889. Yet according to ordinary reasoning they ought to be on the increase. Sheep

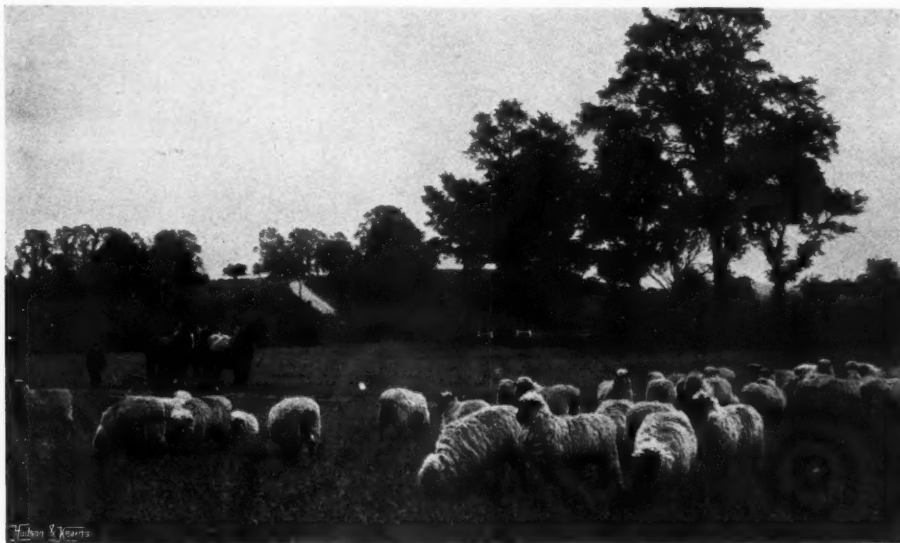
have been called the sheet-anchor of English agriculture, and much as is written upon the importance of reviving dairy-work, practical farmers are aware that the flock is far more essential. Everything would seem to favour sheep-farming at the moment. For a quarter of a century we have steadily been changing arable into pastoral, and at the same time suffering from a scarcity of labour. The latter fact told severely against cow-keeping. In many places it has been found necessary to abandon dairy-work owing to the impossibility of finding milkers willing to undertake the Sunday work involved. One would have thought that sheep-breeding would prove the best alternative industry. It involves a minimum of labour, especially in districts suitable to grazing flocks. But if we take the great sheep-grazing counties, Lincoln and Northumberland, we find the result very much the same as it is elsewhere. Lincoln shows a drop from 1,117,899 to 1,063,876, and it affects all the classes mentioned in the Agricultural Returns, viz., ewes kept for

breeding, sheep over a year old, and sheep under a year. Northumberland, another county with a total of more than a million, shows a slight but decided falling-off, though we are glad to notice that the breeding ewes show a small increase.

It is far from being a case of one kind of livestock being supplanted by another, since it is accompanied by a reduction of no less than three per cent. in the number of cattle, and a falling-off of nearly two per cent. of the cows and heifers in milk and in calf, bringing the milking herd of the country to a lower point than it has been at since 1897. Horses, too, show a decrease of 13,000, though there is an increase in the number of

unbroken horses, which seems to point to more attention being given to horse-breeding.

The most interesting question arising out of all this is whether the reduction is permanent or only temporary. At any rate it was no effect of bad prices. For some time past meat has been dearer than for a number of years, and the auction sales of sheep and cattle have, as a whole, been of a satisfactory nature. Nor will the weather altogether account for it, though, as will be remembered, the spring of this year was very forbidding, and gave no promise of the abundant grass that followed it. The significance of the decrease in truth is in this, that it points to the impoverishment of our farmers during the long period of depression. Owing to circumstances that we need not go into now, the meat supplies from America, the Argentine, and New Zealand were considerably affected, with the result that our market went up, and farmers could not resist the chance of realising on their livestock. In other words,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PLOUGHLAND AND PASTURE.

Copyright



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UNDER THE SHADE OF THE ELM TREE.

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*C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.*

IN THE HOME FIELD.

Copyright

"unfinished" animals were hurried off to auction, and even the breeding stock, where it was in anything like condition, was turned into money. No one who understands the position would say this was economical. For the sake of a little capital in hand many farmers have crippled their resources for years to come. It would have been much better to forego the immediate return and wait for a larger one; but this would have required capital, and capital is precisely what is most lacking among the agricultural classes at the present moment. Perhaps, too, the present popularity of small farming has something to do with it. On the small holding, whether it be freehold or held in tenancy, there is very little need for sheep, though the movement towards breaking up great farms can scarcely have attained sufficient force yet to affect the character of the livestock. Popular taste in regard to mutton may do so, however. With the cheap frozen meat arriving from the Colonies, it is impossible for the farmer to compete, and the only way in which he is sure to score is by attending to quality. That is to say, it is of very little use for him to keep the large, fat sheep that were in favour a quarter of a century ago. Butchers are fully aware that the demand is for small, lean, tender joints, such as may be obtained in perfection from Down sheep, and if the farmer would succeed in his calling, it is necessary for him to adjust his practice to suit the taste of the moment. And this is really one of the most interesting branches of husbandry. In olden days—say, in the fifteenth century—when wool came to be in such demand, and the Black Death had seriously diminished the available supply of labour, so that farming for wool took the place of the manorial system, at its zenith in the fourteenth century, sheep wandered in flocks over waste and downland. Anyone who has wandered over the Cotswolds or Berkshire Downs may imagine

what it was like—miles and miles of grass, marked by grey spots here and there where sheep were feeding, the only human figure in the landscape an uncouth shepherd and his dog. The soil and pasturage developed the type of sheep most suitable to them. According to Brown's classification there was a gradation, approximately corresponding to the height above sea-level, of Leicesters on the sandstone and alluvium uplands on the land between five hundred and a thousand feet above sea-level, then Downs and blackfaces and true mountain sheep. If they were allowed to graze and breed at will now, they would soon revert to the original types; but they have been so much interfered with, and subjected to so much artificial crossing, that the original characteristics are no longer discernible. For example, the old horned Hampshire and Wiltshire Down is now, for practical purposes, an extinct breed. The Oxford Down was made out of the Cotswold, Leicester, and Hampshire Down about seventy years ago, and is in reality a heavy lowland sheep. All this has to be taken into consideration by the farmer who

wishes to cross for the purpose of meeting modern requirements. He must first study his soil, because both meat and wool will be affected by it. Long ago Bakewell showed that, if you took a flock of the same breed and grazed one part of it on limestone, the other on what he called silicious grit formations—he alluded to a district in North Derbyshire where the two formations occur side by side—the wool of the one

was worth eighteenpence a tod more than that of the other, though both flocks were treated precisely in the same way. On limestone minute particles of chalk become entangled with the wool and corrode and harden the fibre, yet good mutton is the result of such grazing. On rich lowland pastures the silkiest and best wool is obtained. The old-fashioned farmer did not study these facts very closely. He had his

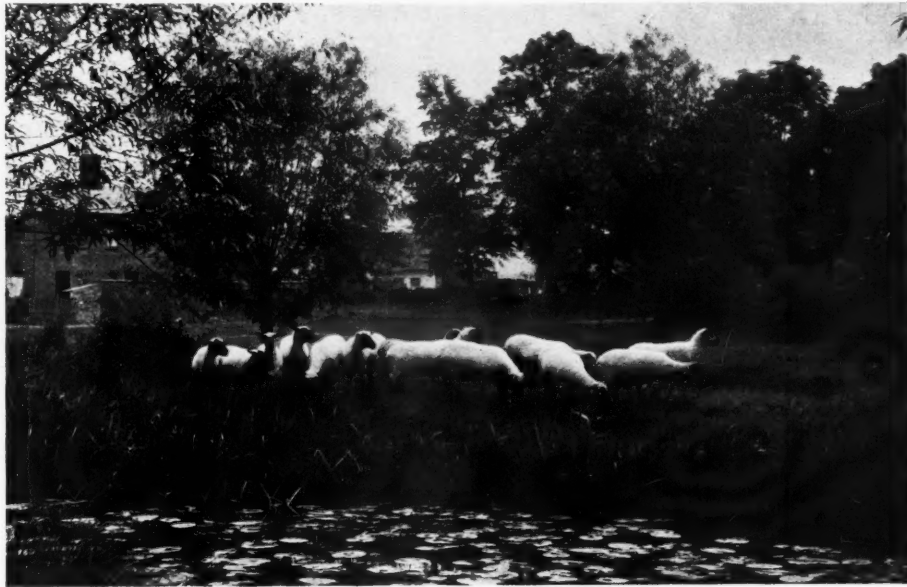
*C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.*

RESTING ON THE COMMON.

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formula for sheep as for other work. Ewes of his favourite breed were purchased almost mechanically, and rams were bought to mate with them, and the lambs sent for sale at the annual fair. His excitement lay in the "deal," that is to say, in the contest of wits with those who bought or sold. But his modern successor cannot afford to take things so easily, and, indeed, derives much of the pleasure of his life from carefully studying conditions such as we have briefly outlined. He has to ascertain first what type of sheep is most natural to the ground he occupies, what, in fact, was the original local breed, since the chances are all in favour of his being able to rear it to perfection. But then he has also to consider how far it meets the requirements of the modern consumer. Does it cut up into the right kind of joints and provide the proper quality of meat? If not, then he must display his skill in crossing, so as to produce a type suitable to the ground and yet giving what is wanted for the table. So his knowledge and skill are being continually put to the test, and "the craft of a keeper of a sheep" is still the most alluring of rustic occupations. It no longer carries with it the poetry of Theocritan swains any more than it calls for the shepherdesses of Watteau, but what it has lost in romance it has gained in solid and scientific interest. And the pictures with which this article is accompanied show that even in this twentieth century sylvan and pastoral beauty are what they were long ago. Here are the bleating sheep and the shining water, the cosy farmhouse and the gnarled elm, the white path leading over the downland, just the same as they were to the simpler generations centuries ago.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A COSY FARMHOUSE

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to draw a district of strong coverts, of railroads and coal-pits. But there were foxes, and it was a grand old fox from which the hounds were stopped after the first draw; he will be useful another day. Arbury, with its associations with George Eliot and Mr. Gilfil, came in the day's draw, and it was possible to understand whence the great novelist gained her knowledge of hunting. She does not, of course, dwell on the sport, but her allusions are marked by the sound knowledge which gives such vividness to all her pictures of Midland country life. There was plenty of cub-hunting, and two were killed and one marked to ground. The entry

have also some very rough country. But the present Master, Mr. Hardy, believes in working every section in turn. In rough and difficult country the huntsman and the hounds both learn lessons that are useful and lead to sport in more favoured districts. The Atherstone pack is among those that have been steadily improving of late years. Whitmore, the huntsman, is a son of the man who in his day was a most successful hound-breeder. Tom Whitmore and the Oakley strains, Ambrose and the rest of them, will not soon be forgotten at Peterborough. The pack was taken last week to Attleborough

have learned their work, and nothing could have been better than the steadiness and drive of this famous pack.

Mr. Fernie's hounds met at Laughton Village on Monday week for the first time this season. The work done and the sport enjoyed were good. There was a fair scent, and Mowsley Covert, or rather the gorse patches near, supplied the foxes. One scurried away to the Laughton Hills, and hounds, being laid on to his line, hunted him along a very familiar line through part of Laughton and then to the left over the road, but in the big pasture opposite Gumley Hall scent failed. Laughton Hills were blank, but Mowsley once more, this time in the covert itself, supplied a fox. Starting close to their fox, hounds ran well, but very soon he slipped into a drain. This was found to hold two foxes, the hunted one and another. One of them dodged about, but with hounds always close at him he was never able to shake them off, and was killed in the open.

The following day the Cottesmore were at the Kennels. In the gorse of that name were some well-grown cubs. They know what hunting means, and one left immediately. Setting his head as if for Stapleford, he swung to the right, and climbing the hill, on the top of which stands Market Overton, he turned towards Woodwell Head, a covert which lies a little to the left of the line they were running. He skirted this refuge, which has more than a local reputation, for it was the covert at which ended the run which Mr. Bromley Davenport described as the "Dream of an Old Meltonian." They lingered no long time in this covert, though it was full of foxes. Was it the same fox or another which took hounds out on the far side? The huntsman may have known, but the followers were for the most part only too glad to find themselves with hounds as they streamed out and over the border into the Belvoir country. The fox was probably the same, for he ran as if he was out of his country, passing Coston, and then, after a flickering attempt to reach Buckminster, turned sharp back; hounds, running eagerly, overran the scent, and it was some time before they hit off a line which took them back into Coston, where they picked up their fox dead beaten.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, I hear, have rented Pickwell Manor for the season. It is said—and the rumour has neither been confirmed nor denied—that the Duke intends to resign the Mastership of the North Staffordshire. This country was founded in 1845 by Mr. William Davenport, and has had but three Masters. The Duke of Sutherland (then Lord Stafford) took over the country in 1874, and at once set himself to build up a pack of hounds. There is a good deal of Lord Henry Bentinck's blood in the kennels, and the pack is well known for its steady work.

Mr. W. H. Dunn, the Master of the Craven, has sent a circular to his followers. He exhorts them to pay particular attention to the closing of gates. Probably of all the damage done by hunting people, leaving gates open is the most irritating to farmers. No one can possibly help being angry at finding his stock or horses scattered over half the country. That this should happen is quite needless, and a little care and thoughtfulness would obviate the trouble. Another point for Masters to consider is the right discipline of second horsemen. It is impossible to exaggerate the amount of irritation that was saved in the Quorn country by Lord Lonsdale's careful regulation of these camp-followers of hunting. When we consider that at a fashionable fixture there would be certainly not less than two hundred second horses, at a very moderate computation, it will easily be realised what a serious matter this is.

The death of Mr. Deacon will leave a blank in Hampshire hunting circles. Mr. Deacon, who had in Devonshire and Hampshire been a Master of Hounds (harriers and foxhounds) for more than forty years, was not only a very popular Master, but he was probably one of the very best huntsman who ever carried a horn in Hampshire.

The Grafton have been doing well with their new huntsman. This is a country wherein the success of the season depends on the cub-hunting being thoroughly well carried out, as the Grafton has many big coverts. Some foxes must be killed and others well routed out. Morris, who succeeded Tom Bishopp, has been doing well, and not only killed cubs in the woodland, but has had at least one good run in the open. A friend, who sometimes writes to

## O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

THERE seems to be a determination on the part of the Leaguers in Ireland to stop hunting. But it is evident that there is anything but unity in their counsels on the subject. Irishmen of all classes, creeds, and shades of opinion are sportsmen as a rule and not blind to their own interests. To stop hunting, and thereby to drive away a large sum of money from the country in order to hinder a few people, with whose politics you do not agree, from enjoying themselves, seems to outsiders a not very wise proceeding. There are many people who go to Ireland every year for the hunting season. The hunting is, of course, first-rate, and the expenses are not so heavy as in England. Anyone who has been in Ireland and has seen the unfeigned enjoyment of the sport by all classes cannot think the League's action against hunting likely to be really popular. However, the Ormonde, the King's County, the Limerick, and the Westmeath have all been threatened. Some people who know the country say that the threats will not go further, but speeches of this kind are widely circulated, and create a feeling of distrust which may go far to keep away a number of people. The beauty of Ireland and its unquestioned suitability as a sporting country are valuable assets of the whole people, which need to be further improved and developed in the interests of all.

Sir Watkin Wynn has issued a circular to covert-owners asking them permanently to stop the earths throughout the season. The object of this is to stamp out mange, which is undoubtedly communicated to healthy foxes that have taken refuge in an infected earth. Apart from the question of mange, it is not impossible that a permanent stopping of the earths may prove an advantage to sport. Mr. T. Smith, commonly known as "Gentleman" Smith in the early part of the last century, who was successively Master of the Craven, the Pytchley, and the Hambleton Hunts, was in favour of stopping earths once for all at the beginning of the season. He believed that sport would be improved thereby, and that fox stealers, who, then as now, were among the troubles of the M.F.H., would be hindered. It will be interesting to know how far Sir Watkin's request is complied with and what the results will be (1) to sport and (2) in preventing the spread of mange. On the whole, thanks to the resolute efforts made to stamp it out, mange has decreased. Many countries which at one time were greatly troubled by this scourge are now almost, if not entirely, free. I have already seen a large number of foxes this year in several countries, and the vast majority have been sound and healthy.

Among the packs that work over Leicestershire and Warwickshire, there is none that opens the season with a better promise of sport than the Atherstone. They have some beautiful grass, which is perhaps not so strongly fenced as some other districts of the shires, and they

me from the Grafton country, says: "Hounds had really a good day from Seawell Wood last Monday. I say 'hounds,' for I am fain to confess that I cannot tell you so much about it as I could wish. In the first run hounds slipped us fairly, and in the second, after one flounder into a blind ditch, I took part in the run from a distance. From Maidford Wood to ground at Gayton is about four miles, and I believe had I been more forward it would have proved an enjoyable hunt. The dog pack worked well, and the way they drove a not unwilling fox through Litchborough was good to see and hear. For a cub he was a bold one. Yet he was a genuinely young fox of this year, I think. The country about here is still very blind."

It is curious to note that while in Leicestershire we have had plenty of rain, in the Pytchley country they have been crying out for moisture. If you look at the map of the Pytchley Hunt you will see that there is a corner down in the neighbourhood of Weedon that is a long way from the kennels. Thither last week Lord Annaly took the pack. They were

entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Romer Williams. The object of the visit was to disturb the cubs in Badby Wood, a famous stronghold of the Pytchley in this quarter of their hunt. A good many of our soldiers at home and abroad know Badby Wood, for Weedon is a much-coveted station by hard-riding gunners or sappers. When I was last there it was the last-named corps that showed us the way. When the Pytchley were at Badby, the show of cubs was quite as good as usual, and Isaacs and the pack set to work to give them a thorough morning's drilling.

The Polo Pony Society has gained some useful recruits lately, including Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Lord Lovat, Sir Allan Mackenzie, Sir Arthur Campbell-Orde, and Colonel G. C. Ricardo. There is no doubt, now that the society is able to have a show on a larger scale at Islington, and to give more space to the ponies, that it may be expected to increase its membership even more rapidly in the future than it has done in the past. Yet the progress of the last few years has been very rapid. X.

## BECKHAMPTON.

IN the whole world there is no finer training establishment for race-horses than that which Sam Darling has perfected at Beckhampton. It is not merely that the stables and paraphernalia are good—others equally good can be found elsewhere—but the surrounding country lends itself exactly to the business in hand, and the beautiful downs afford "going" like a Turkey

carpet even in the driest summer. Moreover, the place is far from the madding crowd, and at the present time there is but one solitary tout who supplies all the various papers and tipsters with their "exclusive" information. He is always fairly treated, however, at Beckhampton, for Sam Darling is far too clever a man not to have long since realised that no good whatever is done by secrecy over trifles.



W. A. Rouch.

ARD PATRICK.

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The quickest way to get to Beckhampton from town is to go to Swindon, though from there you have to drive well on to fourteen miles amid Wiltshire downs. It is a very interesting country, and the drive does not seem at all a long one. Arrived at Beckhampton House, you find it old-fashioned and inviting. It is not, however, the house that claims chief attention just now. We are more concerned about the Derby

winner, Ard Patrick, who is standing in the box formerly occupied by his half-brother, the ever famous Galtee More. It has been raining badly, and even now the weather is not propitious, but as a great favour Ard Patrick is brought out for a few seconds for Mr. Rouch to photograph. This is done, and the grand colt is hurried back into shelter. What the state of the weather had been may be judged from the accompanying portrait

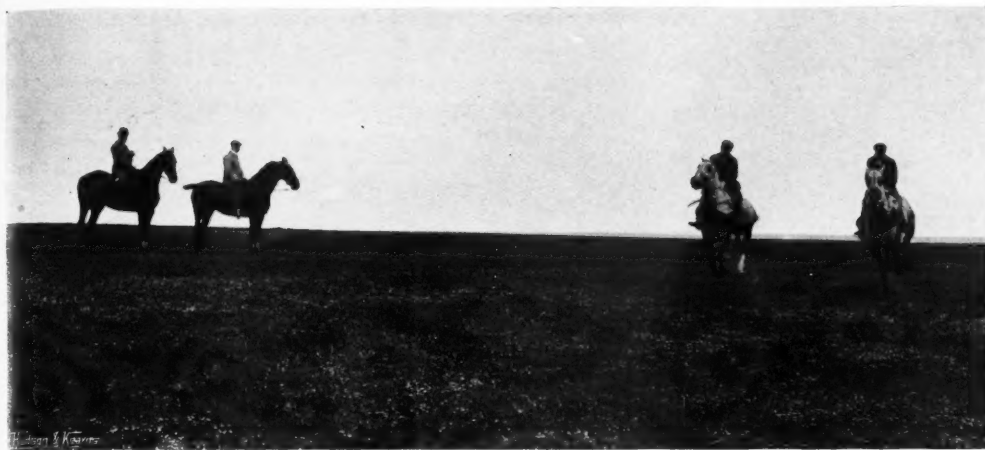


W. A. Rouch.

UNDER THE PLANTATION.

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## MR. DARLING WATCHING WORK.

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with the deep hoofmarks in the gravel. It is an excellent likeness of Ard Patrick, despite the disadvantages under which it was taken.

An evening at Beckhampton will naturally lead to many

the best of his year, and Sweet Sounds, who was bought to lead work for the champions, is himself a most doughty performer over a distance when the handicappers will give him a chance. Good Morning, once so brilliant till his back went



W. A. Rouch.

## SWEET SOUNDS, REVENUE, ARD PATRICK, AND PORT BLAIR CANTERING.

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very interesting stories of what has gone on there in past years, and Mr. Darling will show you with proper pride the painting of his grandfather, who rode Rockingham, winner of the Leger long years ago. This ancient Darling is depicted on his hack, and with his saddle strapped on his back, riding from one meeting to another, an exercise which would horrify our latter-day jockeys.

Up betimes in the morning, and mounted on such hacks as seem to suit us, we ride on first to the Harrowby and then to the Alington Downs, while the horses, having walked and trotted in the home paddock, are also on their way to the scene of action. It is a rare atmosphere, which quite catches the breath of the dweller in cities when first he careers through it. On every side you see signs of the great care taken over the various gallops, which represent the work of many years, the ground outside them being altogether impossible unless similarly levelled and dressed.

Perhaps as interesting a scene as any is outside the Plantation, when we have cantered up the slope towards

wrong, came up with Rays Cross in dashing style. The back is all right now, but long inertia may have spoiled the desire for racing.

Now, when work is done, we see them walking round



W. A. Rouch.

## THE ROAD HOME.

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M. Emil Frechon.

A FRETFUL TEAM.

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preparatory to the return home, and about each one the trainer has made his mental note to add to his private record of the animal's possibilities. Sam Darling stands almost alone in measuring with exactness the capacity of whatever he trains, and whatever he says is good enough to back, be the race small or large, almost invariably vindicates his judgment. He farms some 800 or 900 acres of his own, and the return journey as portrayed is mostly through his land. BLINKHOOIE.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### CROCUS SPECIOSUS.

THIS beautiful flower is the subject of a recent note in our excellent contemporary the *Garden*, and the writer does well to refer to the neglect of the autumn flowering Crocuses, whereas the spring varieties are as freely planted as the Hyacinth or Daffodil. "The Crocuses most generally met with in gardens are the spring-flowering Dutch varieties, which make such a brilliant show in the borders with their golden yellow, deep purple, pure white, and striped lilac. One cannot but admire their beauty and brightness, but the admiration is tinged with regret that other species flowering in the autumn and winter, and equally lovely, suffer such unmerited neglect, for few and far between are the gardens in which they are met with. Of the autumn-flowering Crocuses, *C. speciosus* is the handsomest, and a large mass makes a charming picture towards the end of September and beginning of October, the petals of purple-blue, delicately veined, being set off by the glowing orange anthers. As the flowers are produced in advance of the leaves, it adds materially to the effect if the bed is carpeted with some dwarf plant. *Ionopsisidium acaule*, sown in the late summer, makes a pretty surfacing, its tiny lavender white flowers contrasting well with the purple of the Crocus. Mossy Saxifrages, Thymes, Creeping Jenny (*Lysimachia Nummularia*), and other dwarf plants may be used for the same purpose. On grassy banks *C. speciosus* is very beautiful, the green of the grass forming an excellent setting to the flowers. There are three varieties of *C. speciosus*—viz., *C. s. Aitchisonii*, *C. s. transylvanicus*, and *C. s. globosus*; but, though beautiful, none of them is quite as lovely as the type. Though *C. speciosus* is the most attractive of the autumn-flowering race, there are several other pretty species well worthy of a place in the garden, since they and the Colchicums are invaluable for giving colour at a season of the year when the majority of plants have passed out of bloom. Of these the following are pleasing: *C. cancellatus*, *C. iridiflorus*, *C. hadriaticus*, *C. levigatus*, *C. medius*, *C. nudiflorus*, *C. ochroleucus*, *C. pulchellus*, *C. Salzmannii*, *C. sativus*, *C. Tournefortii*, and *C. zonatus*. These bear flowers of varying shades of purple, violet, and lilac, often veined and feathered; and in some white and yellow are the predominating colours."

### A NIGHT-FLOWERING CACTUS.

In the succulent house at Kew a remarkable night-flowering Cactus (*Cereus triangularis*) is trained against the roof, where its stout, woody, triangular branches form an interlacing mass about 4yds. square. Its roots are confined in a shallow brick bed in a very gravelly compost. Here it grows rampantly and flowers very profusely every year, usually in September. Here and there, too, it matures bright crimson fruit as large as a goose's egg. The flowers are nearly a foot in diameter, the tube and sepals pale yellow, the petals milk white, and the large bunch of white stamens tipped with golden anthers. They expand in the evening and remain open till about eight o'clock the next morning, or later if the light is dull. One of these flowers cut and placed in a suitable vase in a room at night is an object of exceptional interest and beauty. The species is a native of the West Indies, Florida, and Mexico, but it has long been a favourite garden plant, and is now naturalised in many tropical countries. It was cultivated at Hampton Court in 1690. In sunny conservatories it is excellent for furnishing pillar or brick wall plants.

### ROSE FRAU KARL DRUSCHKI.

Messrs. Benjamin Cant and Sons, the old Rose nurseries, Colchester, send a boxful of flowers of this new Hybrid Perpetual Rose. It is beautiful in the garden and is prized by the exhibitor, so that it should be a general favourite next year. The flowers are very large, fragrant, and dead white. There is no trace of any colour upon the broad firm petals, and the growth of the plant is free and vigorous. It is in all ways a welcome garden Rose. We shall certainly try it in our garden, as Roses so white as this are rare. We welcome this new Rose all the more heartily because it belongs to the much-maligned Hybrid Perpetual group.

### APPLES WITH RUDDY-COLOURED FRUITS.

There is a twofold advantage in growing Apple trees that bear fruits of rich colouring: (1) The fruits look well upon the table (2) and also upon the trees. We plant John Downie, Siberian, and other Crabs for the sake of their pretty colouring, and therefore we may also use the richly-coloured Apples for the same purpose. The following varieties bear fruits of fine colour:

*Astrachan Red*.—A beautiful red-cheeked fruit, medium in size, and of aromatic flavour. Quite a small tree and will crop freely.

*Bismarck*.—This is one of the finest of what we may call the newer Apples, and one likely to be grown extensively for market. The fruit is very large, rich in colour, and crops so freely, even to the tips of the young wood, that severe thinning is needful for the sake of the tree. This is what is called a "culinary" variety, and is very fine for exhibition.

*Court Pendu Plat* is also called by the quaint name of Wise Apple, so called, we believe, because it flowers so late that the bloom rarely suffers from spring frosts. The fruit is very handsome, of flattish shape, and in colour crimson and yellow. When well coloured it is one of the showiest of all Apples.

*Devonshire or Red Quarrenden*.—This has somehow got a reputation out of all proportion to its real merits, and a card with the word Quarrenden seems enough to ensure the rapid sale of real or spurious kinds so long as they have bright red skins. It is a very firm fruit, ripe in August, and does particularly well in a light warm soil.

*Fearn's Pippin* is one of the good late dessert kinds. It is not nearly so much known or grown as its merits deserve. It is of medium size, and makes a good small garden tree.



*Juneating Red* is one of the very early dessert sorts. It only keeps a short time, and is very handsome.

*King of the Pippins* is one of the handsomest of all the pippin class of Apples, and for Christmas markets few Apples are more striking or realise a better price, for it is faultless in shape and colour, with its crimson and gold cheeks.

*Lady Sudeley* has already become a leading early dessert Apple, and when well grown attains a good size. It needs little pruning, and crops regularly. It is ripe in August and September.

*Worcester Pearmain* is one of the most profitable of all market Apples, very fertile, of upright growth, and the tree requires little space. It is one of the best for bush form, and although of second-rate quality, it sells well—in fact, its popularity is largely due to its bright colour.

#### FLOWER GARDENS UNDER GLASS.

Of recent years English gardens have received additional beauty through the increased attention shown to hardy shrubs for flowering under glass. As this is the season for lifting shrubs for this purpose, we may well draw attention to the subject, especially as the delightful groups in winter at the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society have called forth such admiration. Not only are shrubs used in this way, but even when spring is well advanced, or, indeed, gives way to summer, shrubs in pots are welcome. Those who have visited the early show in the Temple Gardens must have noticed the glorious bushes of Azaleas, Tree Paeonies, Rhododendrons, and Roses. When the number of various subjects, their different habits of growth and requirements, are taken into consideration, it will be at once seen that no hard and fast rule as to their general culture will apply, hence each different kind will be dealt with in detail later on. In some cases the plants may be lifted in the autumn, then potted and placed out of doors till they are taken under glass, when the flowers will open well, but those that conform to this rule naturally make dense fibrous masses of roots, hence the check of removal has little effect. On the other hand, some transplant so badly, or the removal is so hurtful, that the most satisfactory way is to keep them altogether in pots.

Shrubs for flowering under glass are grown in large quantities by some of our nurserymen, while in addition to these great numbers are sent to this country from the Continent, particularly from Holland, where they are specially cultivated for the same purpose. True, the list of kinds is limited, and, while it undoubtedly includes all the best forms, there are many others that may with advantage be used in a similar way.

The Dutch cultivators in particular grow many of their plants in pots, the general method being what may be regarded as a modification of pot culture and planting out; that is to say, though the plants are potted, and that in good-sized pots, they are plunged in the open ground over the rim, and in a position fully exposed to air and sunshine. Though a few roots may be pushed out over the rim, and also through the hole at the bottom, this treatment results in keeping the roots far more compact than would otherwise be the case, hence the check of removal in autumn is not as great as if they had unlimited room. This partial confinement of the roots also checks too exuberant a growth, and consequently promotes the formation of flower buds.

When growing plants for this purpose, whether they are confined in pots or planted out, the desire is to get an abundance of flowers, hence, if possible, an open, well-exposed site should be chosen. Guard against overcrowding, as this means growth in place of flowers. With the same object they must be kept free from weeds, and not allowed to suffer from dryness at the root.

With few exceptions the best time to lift and pot the plants is as soon as possible after the leaves have fallen in the autumn, as then the young roots

recover from the check, and in many instances take hold of the new soil before the time of flowering. To assist this to the greatest extent the pots must not be placed on the surface exposed to air and sunshine, but plunged in some material that will keep the roots in an even state of moisture, such as leaves, spent Hops, or cocoa-nut refuse. After potting keep the roots judiciously moist. Whether intended for early flowering or later on, the plants should at first only be taken into a comparatively cool structure, and if necessary immured to a greater heat by degrees. It is, however, as well to bear in mind that flowers which expand in a temperature of 55deg. or thereabouts remain fresh much longer than those opened in a warmer structure. In the case of subjects that are needed only a short time before their brethren flower out of doors little more than simple protection from the sharp frosts and cutting winds of early spring is required.

The advantages of early potting is shown conspicuously in the case of Azaleas, as the flowers borne by plants that have been potted soon after the leaves have fallen will last twice as long as those in which the operation has been put off till after Christmas.

A good deal of the success attending the plants so treated depends upon pruning or knowing when not to cut the shoots, but this can be better dealt with in the detailed list we shall give.

Generally speaking, plants that have been hard forced to get them in flower early cannot be depended upon to bloom well the following season, however carefully they may have been treated, but those in which the normal season of blooming is anticipated by a comparatively short period, and the plants therefore have but little undue stress put upon them, will with careful attention flower regularly year after year. Too often they are, directly after the flowers are past, placed in some out-of-the-way corner, often to suffer from want of water. The result of this is that the young leaves developed under glass suffer greatly, and the plant altogether is often so much crippled that the greater portion of the energy needed for the formation of flower buds is spent in building up its shattered constitution, hence disappointment. In order to give satisfaction a rational course of treatment is necessary—that is to say, those shrubs that have finished blooming under glass before the frosts and cutting winds are over should at first be carefully protected and gradually hardened off. Where a cool house is not available, a frame in a sheltered position is very suitable, but even then the plants must not be crowded. By the middle of May less precaution in this respect will be needed, though frosts and winds sufficiently severe to injure foliage that has developed under glass are often experienced. Where potting is necessary (that is in the case of plants that are to be grown permanently in pots), it should be done before they are placed in their summer quarters. For this the pots should, if possible, be stood on a firm bed of ashes, and be plunged in some moisture-holding material, such as partially decayed leaves, spent Hops, or cocoa-nut refuse. Occasional doses of liquid manure during the growing season are beneficial, particularly in the case of those that have not been repotted, as the limited amount of nourishment in the soil will be by that time nearly spent. A list of the most desirable shrubs for this mode of treatment with any special requirements or other particulars follows.

*Andromeda*.—Pretty shrubs of the Heath family, all of which form such a mass of fibrous roots that they can be lifted from the open ground and potted without any check. Placed, then, in a cool house, their flowers develop well. The best are *A. floribunda*, with stiff spikes of white Lily-of-the-Valley-like flowers; *A. japonica*, with drooping flower racemes; and *A. speciosa* pulverulenta, with hoary leaves and waxy white bell-shaped blossoms. The two first named may be had in flower by the end of March, but the other is naturally later.

## MAKESHIFT GATES.

ACHILL is the largest and most westerly Irish island. A long low bridge connects it with the mainland at Achill Sound, where is the terminus of the recently-built light railway from Westport, forty miles distant. There is a curious connection between this bridge and foxes. Until the bridge was built foxes were so scarce in Achill Island that the head and brush of a solitary specimen were hung up in the taproom of an inn on show as a curiosity. The foxes have evidently rushed across the bridge, finding a magnificent country on the island, with innumerable caves and inaccessible precipices for their unmolested increase. So bold have they become that on almost any night they may be seen



AN OLD CART-WHEEL.

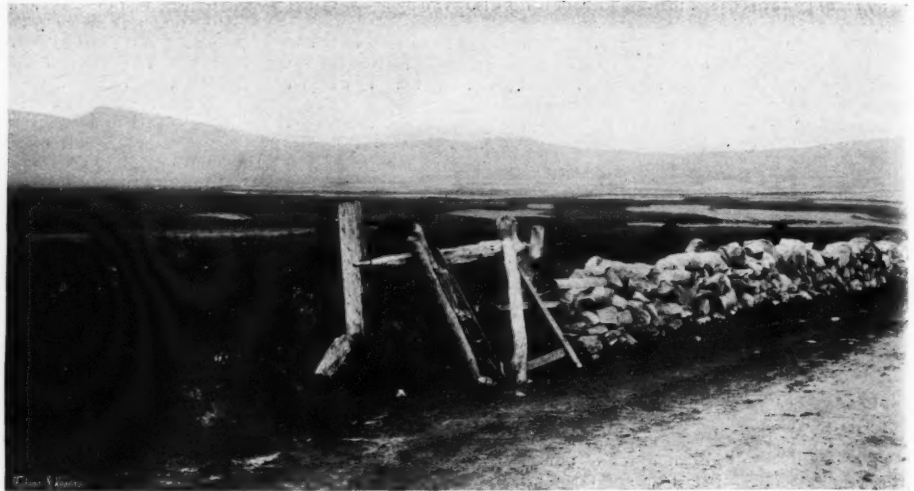
on the bogs during the daytime. Hares used to be very abundant all over Achill, but they are now extremely rare, the foxes having nearly wiped them out; and the same remark applies to other ground game and to grouse

visiting the villages and the seashore on the prow for stray fowls or fish offal on the strand. They regularly visit certain spots at night and dig up sand-eels for food, a locality particularly favoured by them being solitary Kinn Bay, where one night this autumn, when encamped there, we saw no less than three together. This fox increase has become such a nuisance that no poultry can ever be allowed out during the night, and many poor women bewail the loss of geese

on the bogs during the daytime. Hares used to be very abundant all over Achill, but they are now extremely rare, the foxes having nearly wiped them out; and the same remark applies to other ground game and to grouse

The poverty of the islanders is pitifully great. The land is incapable of producing sufficient for the living of the population, and consequently the young men, and even maidens, of fourteen and upwards have annually to expatriate themselves to Scotland and Lancashire, and earn there the few pounds necessary for keeping the Achill home together. The working of the Congested Districts Board has not been fortunate. They have spent considerable sums of money in hackney breeding, with the result that the old and famous Achill pony—hard, sure-footed, and exactly suited for the work required on the island—is fast disappearing, its place being taken by a more showy animal, deficient in staying power and deplorably soft. The sea around, particularly the bays of Dooagh and Kirn, abound in fish, both shell and soft. Crabs and lobsters can be taken in vast quantities, and mackerel, herring, pollack, mullet (red and grey) are captured in large numbers. The streams, small bubbling bog torrents, are full of the speckled brown trout, and so are the mountain lakes, while the fine lake at Keel Bay contains sea-trout of good size.

The local sea-boat is a canoe made of strips of deal wood covered on the outside with canvas, which is kept well tarred. These are "walked" up and down to the sea by men getting underneath and supporting the frail structure on their shoulders. When on land they are turned upside down, with large stones placed around the outside of the gunwale to prevent the wind blowing them away bodily, as has not infrequently happened. Seals are numerous, but they are most difficult to bag. The head is the place to aim at, for if hit anywhere else in the body they always



A PRIMITIVE STRUCTURE.

manage to escape. That rare animal, the sea-otter, regularly visits Kirn Bay, and we have found innumerable tracks of its feet on the floor of a cave there, where at the back is a spring of fresh water.

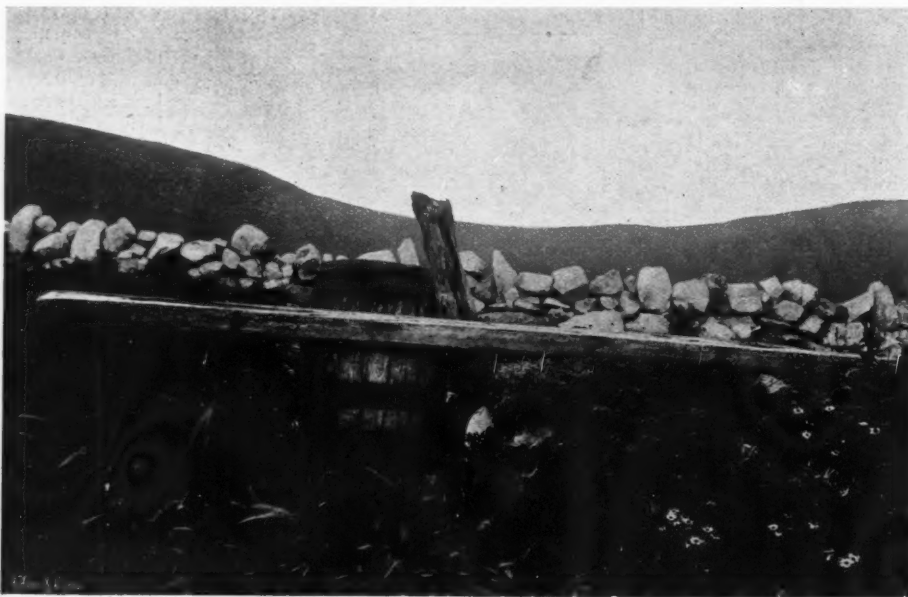
The whole surface of the island may be described as bog-covered and devoid of trees, though the quantity of old gnarled tree trunks and roots, dug out of the bog in the turf cuttings, shows that once Achill was forest-clad. For tillage purposes and potato-growing deep ditches are cut to drain off the water, and the intervening strips of dry bog paths are used for pedestrian and animal walks. The ends of these, where they join the roads, are blocked up, to prevent cattle straying or entering from the



AN OLD BASKET PANNIER.

roadside, with an endless variety of gate substitutes. A properly-made gate hardly exists in Achill.

Within a radius of a quarter of a mile at Dooagh may be seen a dozen varieties of these comic gates: An old basket horse-pannier, whose proper function in life had been to carry up fish from the shore, or bring turf home from the bog, is placed on its side, with a stone or two in front and a piece of wood-wreckage across the top of the gap; an old barrel wedged into the wall between two pieces of odd-sized wood; an old cart-wheel, with remains of the brilliant red paint so much affected by the islanders still visible; an old wooden barrow, wheelless, turned up with the two handles stretched up appealingly against the sky-line, outlined with stones, and held in position by a transverse piece of an old ship's rib; plenty of weird, gnarled pieces of bogwood and tree roots, which, in the early dusk, take on themselves, extraordinarily likenesses to strange, contorted, and ghostly-looking animals. For the passage of a cow or other animal these remarkable edifices are taken down and reconstructed



A BARREL WEDGED INTO THE WALL.



afterwards—a matter of time, but then time does not count for much in Achill.

In a house called Coorymore, near the beautiful trout lake of that name, set back from the road between Dooagh and Kirn, once lived the famous Captain Boycott, before his name became proverbial and synonymous with a peculiar form of intimidation. Many stories are told of him. He was a "great" man with horses, and used to drive tandem, having been known to do so on the Kirn road in the middle of the night. Considering that the off side of this road is all along bounded by precipices, and is barrierless, the dare-devil nature of the proceeding can be imagined. A favourite resting-place of his, halfway between the two bays on the level portion of the road, was a flat stone with a convenient natural stone back rest, which still goes by the name of Boycott's Seat. The views from this spot, both looking towards Kirn Bay and Dooagh Bay, are remarkably fine. Though a very windy place, the air is always warm and yet bracing, making Achill a most healthy spot, particularly beneficial to those in search of quietness, or who suffer from broken-down nerves, tired brains, or city weariness.

J. HARRIS STONE.



WHEELBARROW.

## WHITSTABLE AND ITS OYSTERS.

THERE always are cheerful suggestions about the oyster.

"The partridge is a merry bird, and when he's on the wing  
His custom, as I've often heard, is cheerily to sing."

is a description at least as true of the oyster as of the bird in whose honour it was composed. There was much excuse for Mr. Pickwick's prompter, when that famous gentleman was at momentary loss for the name of "those beautiful creatures that sing in the sea," who suggested "oysters." It was not oysters, but sirens, that Mr. Pickwick meant, though he thanked his friend very courteously for his valuable suggestion. Oysters, however, are so invariably the accompaniment, and even the introduction, to the best of dinners, when there is an "r" in the month, that we are almost inclined to say that no dinner is a good one without an oyster, and even that an oyster, "if there be many of them," as the Irishman said of his pig, is a good dinner in himself. He makes for conviviality and all that is most pleasant.

It is not commonly known that the legal close time for oysters is not co-extensive with those periods when we have months without "r's." It is significant of the position of the Royal Whitstable Oyster Company that the extension of close time which it has voluntarily introduced with regard to its own oysters, has come to be accepted at least with the respect due to a law of the land, and almost to a law of Nature, by the ordinary British oyster swallower. The best oyster eaters, be it said, do not swallow whole, they chew; but this is essentially a question of taste not to be discussed. The Royal Whitstable Oyster Company was only formed in 1895. Before that there was an ancient Society of "Free Dredgers and Fishermen," who

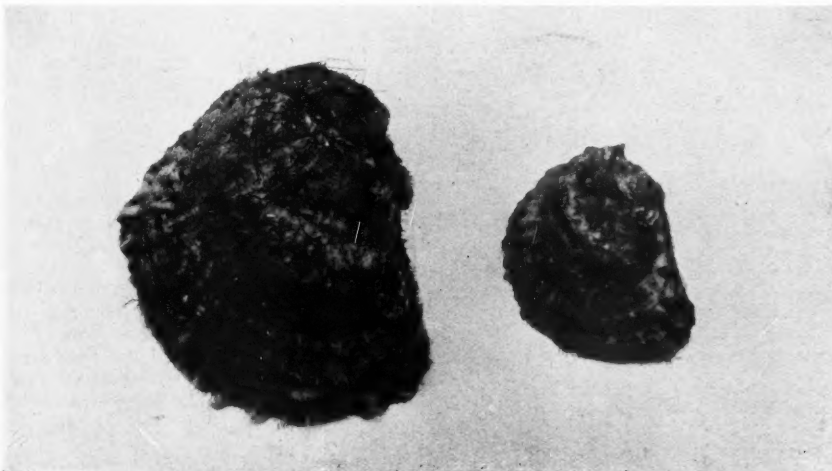
had rights that devolved upon members of their families, until, as the families grew and multiplied, nourished on the "succulent bivalve," the sharers of the rights became so many that the subdivided rights became of very little account. The affair was getting hopeless, so a Bill was put through Parliament, and a company established which flourishes to-day.

About Whitstable and its oyster there is a double interest. There is an interest in both of them, and both have an historical interest. Sallust wrote long ago that there was something after all to be said for Britain—it produced an oyster. Whitstable is a town of some history. They used to smuggle a good deal there, and smuggling always is picturesque and romantic. The derivation of the name of the town is nice—from "huitre" and "staple," or market, showing the connection between France and England in the old days. The only objection to this derivation is that almost certainly it is incorrect, the correct one being from "Witan," or a meeting of wise men, and "staple." They must have been wise men to hold their meetings at the oyster town. The old buildings of Whitstable are very quaint and picturesque, with a Dutch-built suggestion about them. One of the town's merits is that it has no promenade front, no bands, no "amenities."

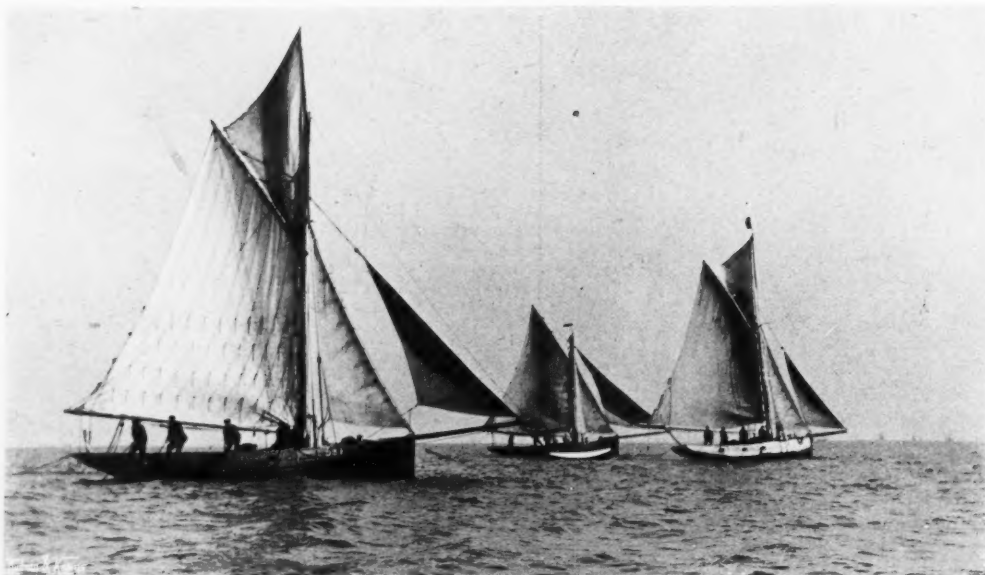
The oyster himself does not seem to spawn so readily on the Whitstable side as on the Essex side of the big estuary. It is said, by the way, that neither the Medway nor Thames chiefly supply the fresh water that comes down the current to the Whitstable beds, but that this comes from some separate springs. Let us at least think so. But having spawned on the Essex side, the oyster grows and fattens best on the Whitstable

—Kentish—side. The native oyster only has a small family of something like 800,000 to 1,000,000 of "spat"—that is to say, of possible youngsters—to himself. Some of the American and Portuguese variety (of which latter Frank Buckland said that when you had eaten the oyster you could use the shell as a shoe-horn, such is its shape) have very many more potential youngsters than this; but it is like a Briton to have a better chance of life when once he is put out into the world on his own account, and this is the case with the "spat" of the "native," for it comes from the shell of the parent ready fertilised, whereas the "spat" of the others comes out unfertilised, and has to float about in the sea on the chance of meeting its complement to make an oyster of it.

After a while of floating the "spat" becomes denser and sinks to the bottom. It is important that it should find there the right sort of "cultch," as it is called—that is to say, the right sort of material—a material that has lime in it, for shell-making, to settle



ROYAL WHITSTABLE NATIVES AT TWO & SEVEN YEARS OLD.



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OYSTER DREDGERS AT WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on. The old oyster shell supplies this want, and we see numbers of the young oysters growing on one old shell, using its material over again—an economical arrangement. The "spat," when it settles, sticks to the "cultch" by virtue of an adhesive stuff that it gives off. So there it stays and grows, more or less looked after by the Royal Whitstable Oyster Company, until it is ready to be dredged up and swallowed whole, or chewed, according to taste. It seems a quiet and innocent kind of life, yet the oyster has its enemies. Crabs and starfish both are fond of oysters, especially young oysters, on which the hard defensive shell has not formed. Then there is a nasty shell-fish called the dog-nosed whelk—suggestive of some kind of mixed drink at a low public-house—that amuses itself with boring holes in the oyster's shell and getting at the inmate in a way that hardly seems fair. Some of the yawls engaged in the oyster-fishing carry a "fleet," as it is called, of as many as five or six dredges. They generally go square with the tide; for if they were to dredge, or attempt to, against the tide the current would lift the light dredge so that it would pass over the oysters. Several of the processes, including that of hauling the dredges up, are shown in the pictures, which explain themselves fully enough, accompanying this article. As a rule, the boats used in this fishery are yawls—

hand (there always is an answer to every argument), it is maintained that this stirring up of the beds does good rather



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HAULING IN THE DREDGES FULL OF OYSTERS.

"C.L."

than harm. The reader may take his choice. Lots of oysters are brought to Whitstable from abroad, from Arcachon, and other places, to fatten, and this is a process that has been going on for the best part of a century and a-half, more or less, so that the name of "native" is not altogether exact in description.

A very severe frost is most fatal to the very young oyster. A temperature as high as 62deg. Fahrenheit is said to be really best. The pictures of oysters in the illustrations show the relative sizes (in the portraits of two oysters together) of the oyster at two years and at seven years of age respectively. It is at the latter age that he is at his very best for the table—that is to say, for the palate. The picture that gives the portraits of three oysters together is illustrative of kinds that are described and sold as rather different, namely,



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CARRYING OYSTERS ASHORE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



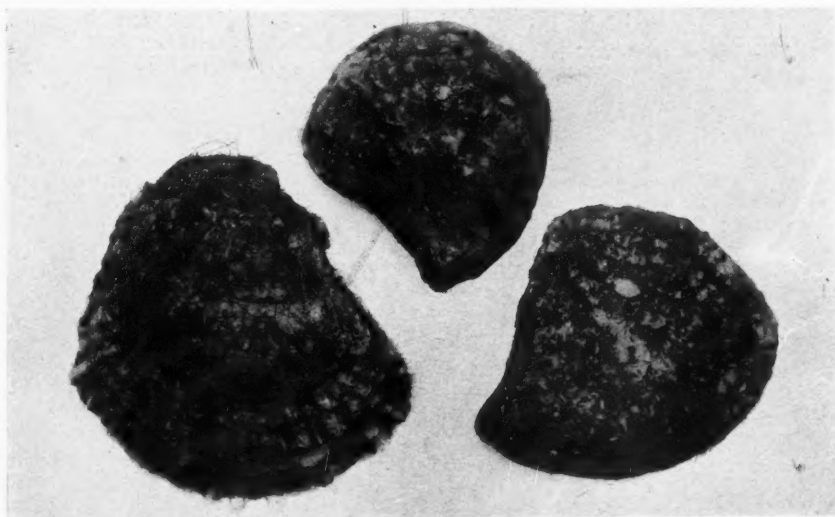
the "button," the "small native," and the "Royal Whitstable native." The "button" is a stunted little fellow, perhaps diminutive in consequence of some injury to his shell in early life; but he is very good eating. The different stages of oyster life are not seven, as accounted of man by the melancholy Jacques, but four, namely, spat, brood, half-ware, and ware, and between each of these there is a difference of a year in age.

On the whole the work in the oyster beds, with the coming and going of the boats to and from the picturesque old town, makes up an interesting spectacle. There is so much variety about it. There is not the same brightness and colour that we see at Arcachon, where the sun is a more brilliant thing in itself, and has oyster women in crimson wide-flowing knickerbockers to light up. We miss this. But there is much that is picturesque remaining. The life of the oyster gatherer and tender is not really a hard one. It all is work in shallow and enclosed water, and there is no need to work in bad weather—no fear of being caught far out by a sudden storm. No fisherman who was not of the Free Dredgers before the Act of 1895 can dredge oysters on the beds belonging to the Royal Whitstable Company, but may dredge brood and half-ware and sell them to the company. The beds are of large area—six and a-half square miles in the rough, but probably quite accurate, estimate.

A hint well worthy of attention that the Whitstable people give you is that when you buy oysters from them, or from any other source, and have to keep them for a while, it is far better to keep them not in tubs of fresh water, as often is done, but to lay them out in some cool place, always with the round side of the shell downwards, so that the salt water, or the "juice," or the mixture of the two—whatever it is—shall not run out. They say that, so far from the oysters not taking any harm through being kept like this for two or three days, the keeping actually does them good, and improves their flavour. This is as it may be. There is many a Scotsman who prefers his salmon after it has been kept a day or two, so as to let the curd get away from between the flakes. It is a matter of taste.

### "MARKHAM'S MASTERPIECE AND COMPLETE JOCKEY."

IN "Markham's Masterpiece and Complete Jockey," published in 1680 by John Wright at the Crown in Ludgate Hill and Thomas Passenger at the Three Bibles on London Bridge, and dedicated to Sir Robert Dormer, Baronet, we find expressed, often in the quaintest language, much

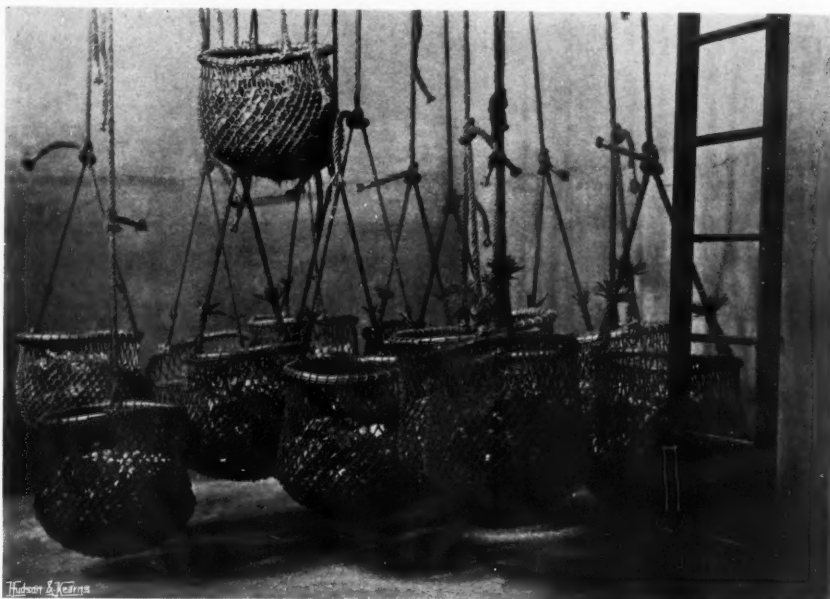


Copyright ROYAL WHITSTABLE BUTION. SMALL NATIVE. "C.L."

interesting information as to the way horses were treated two hundred years ago. The "Masterpiece" is divided into cures physical and cures surgical. In the cures physical we find that many of the draughts or drenches contained numberless ingredients (many of which were comparatively harmless), combined with red or white wine, beer, broth made from beef or sheep's heads and such-like. One powder in particular, called Diapente, contains gentian, aristolochia, bayberries, myrrh, and ivory shavings; it is considered a "sovereign remedy against all inward diseases," and is used either by itself or combined with other drugs.

As a "physical cure" he gives the treatment of "tired horses," and after explaining that horses may be tired from sickness, wounds, dulness of spirit, or extreme labour, he proceeds to say that tiredness proceeding from dulness of spirit can be cured by "making divers small holes through the skin with a bodkin, then rubbing in glass powder into these holes," after which you are advised "to mount his back and do but offer to touch his side with your heels, and be sure, if he have any life in him, he will go forward, the greatest fear being that he will still but go too fast."

If, on the other hand, the tiredness proceeds from extreme labour and "the



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AT THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF THE PITS.

"C.L."

necessities of your occasion are to be preferred to the value of your horse," then "you shall take three or four round pebbles, and having put them in his ear, tie the ear so that the stones cannot fall out, and the noise of the stones will make the horse go after he is utterly tired out; but if that fail (!) you shall with a knife make a hole in the flap of the horse's ear and thrust a long rough stick full of nicks through the same, and ever as the horse sticks his pace so saw and fret the stick up and down the hole, and be sure whilst he has any life he will not leave going."

Of less violent remedies may be mentioned that for the "Raging Love in Mares," which is induced by seeing her image Narcissus-like in a pond. This has (according to Markham) such an effect on them that they will forget to eat or drink. The remedy is simple, and consists in taking the mare to the water again, when the "sight of her image will utterly extinguish the memory of the first and take away the folly."

Markham also tells us "how to stop the glanders for a day or two until you have sold or swapped your horse who is troubled with the same"; how to prevent stumbling by slitting the lip and pulling on a tendon found there; how to make a white or red star on a horse's forehead; how to breed horse foals and filly foals; and though for the last two he lays stress on the age of the moon at the time of service, it is not more unlikely to be true than an opinion held by some stud grooms nowadays that dandelions given to the sire ensures colt foals.

In the "Complete Jockey" our author gives an account of some tricks practised by jockeys, or, as we should probably call them, copers.

If one of these gentry had a horse to sell—a dull jade—he was ridden in a saddle which had at the front part an iron plate with three holes in it, "through which with a spring come three wires, the which so long as the rider sits upright do not touch the horse, but when he leans forward and presses the bow of the saddle they torment him so that he capers and dances be he never so dull, which the ignorant buyer often supposes to come from the height of his metal, which the jockey spares not to avouch with oaths."

The unfortunate traveller in those days had also to be prepared for another trick played by the neighbouring coper. On putting up at an inn, the coper would put a stone about the size of a tennis ball into the fundament, and then in about a quarter of an hour the horse began "to sweat and fall a-trembling, staring as if his eyes were ready to fall out of his head," which "the ostler observing, runs to the gentleman and tells him that his horse is a-dying." The owner runs to the stable, and imagines his horse to be poisoned, and wants to send for the horse doctor, "when as Mr. Jockey steps in and asketh what is the matter, as if he, poor lifeless fellow, knew nothing of it," and, on hearing the owner's account, says, "'Sir, I am sorry to see your horse in such bad plight,' then puts in to buy him at a venture, live or die, in which, if

he cannot do handsomely, he undertakes to cure him for forty shillings; then for a show gives him a drink, and takes an opportunity to withdraw the stone, and so they rob the innocent."

The jockey also used to take up a vein in the leg or tie a fine wire round the fetlock in order to lame the horse, and so enable him to buy it cheaply, as it would be very hard to detect it.

The horses apparently then had always the worst of it. Either their masters were blistering, firing, or dosing them in some way, or else the jockeys were endeavouring to lame them in order to purchase them cheaply. R. P. SMALLWOOD,

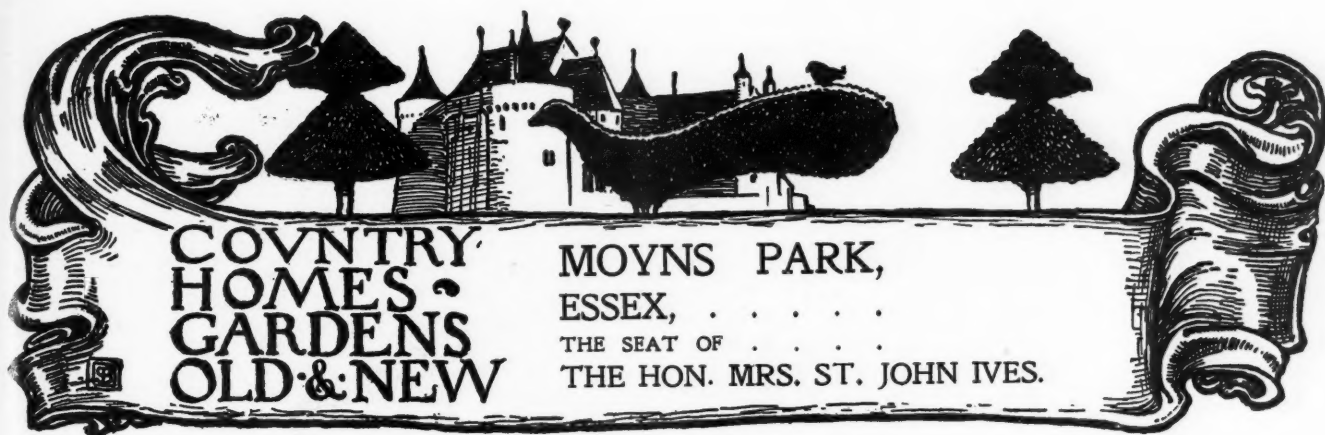


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MOYNS PARK: THE PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





**M**OYNS PARK is a fine house of true East Anglian character, lying adjacent to the little town of Steeple Bumstead, sometimes known as Bumstead ad Turrim, and so named from an ancient tower which once stood in that northern part of the county of Essex, not far from the borders of Cambridge and Suffolk. The house belongs to a large class of mansions distinguishing that region, which, as most people know, has added no little to the charms of our domestic architecture. It is a superb creation, fashioned in the familiar brick of that part of England, with sweet and graceful gardens about it, and it stands high among the architectural gems even of a county which possesses, in Layer Marney Tower, an example of old brickwork that has no superior in the land. Moyns Park is a brother house to such places as Kentwell and Melford, in Essex, and to Helmingham, and a dozen more like houses in the neighbouring shires. The East Anglians were manifestly men of substance and discernment in the period in which English houses were being built in large numbers during that new burst of prosperity which marked the Tudor times. Hence it is that to Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Norfolk we look for some of the finest examples of old English architecture in that style which, although it well accords with stone construction, was perhaps best expressed in brick.

The estate of Moyns takes its somewhat curious name from

a family which anciently possessed it. Shortly after the Conquest, men of the name of Le Moyne, or Le Moign, "the Monk," were settled there, their name sometimes being written Mohun. A certain Robert Fitz Gilbert le Moign, who possessed the estate in the time of Edward II., seems to have been descended from the original tenant of the Domesday survey, and his family had estates in other places in the vicinity. In the reign of Henry VII., by the marriage of Joan le Moyn to William Gent, the estate passed to the family of the latter. The Gents had been settled at Birdbrook and other places in the neighbourhood, and had had an estate at Wimbish as early as 1328.

The new possessors became people of consideration thereabout, and Thomas Gent, who was a person of note, learned in the law, and described as the ornament of his family, was the builder of the noble west front of Moyns Park. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered at the Middle Temple, being called to the bar, and he acted as Lent Reader there in 1571 and 1574. He held the lucrative office of steward of all the courts of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1571 as member for Malden, became a sergeant-at-law, and was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer in 1586, in which year he was knighted. Queen Elizabeth, who held Sir Thomas Gent in high esteem for his learning and virtues, raised him to the honour of Baron of the Exchequer,





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## QUAINTLY CUT SHRUBS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and, as a special mark of her favour, granted him a licence to be Judge of Assize in his own county. He is celebrated by Thomas Newton in his "Encomia" for his religion, virtue, piety, modesty, and truth. The knight married an heiress in the person of the daughter of Sir John Swallow of Bocking, and had seven sons and six daughters.

The name of Baron Gent deserves to be remembered in East Anglia as the builder of the main frontage of Moyns Park. Behind it remain portions of the older house, and the dairy is said to be of the fourteenth century. The place was moated, like most other great houses on the level ground, as a measure of protection, and one portion of the moat still remains, spanned by a modern bridge. The west front, which is the finest architectural feature, is symmetrical. There are four gables, the inner ones being smaller and stilted, and in each inter-space is a magnificent semi-hexagonal bay. That in the centre forms a porch, and has the arms over the door, while above is a noble window. Each window in these splendid bays has eighteen lights, formed by finely moulded mullions and transoms, and all the other windows are of the same character. The chimneys rise in very bold stacks, and add much to the picturesqueness of the outline. The older features behind have a picturesqueness that is quite their

own, and it is delightful, from the west front, to traverse the south walk along the grass beneath the pergola, and to pass backwards as it were from Elizabethan times to still earlier days. The whole appearance of the place is most picturesque from every point of view, and the varied colour assumed by the old brick adds a great deal to the charm of the pictures it presents. Ivy loves to vest such structures, and it is needful to be watchful

lest it cling too closely. The growth at Moyns Park, where the vigorous climber shows a tendency to become rampant, is at least 3ft. thick on the walls. It completely vests the great gate-posts topped by the eagles, and conceals their architectural character. The extent to which ivy should be allowed to grow must, of course, rest with those who possess the places to which it clings. Its further growth is checked at Moyns Park, but it might be pleasant to discover the architectural merits of those



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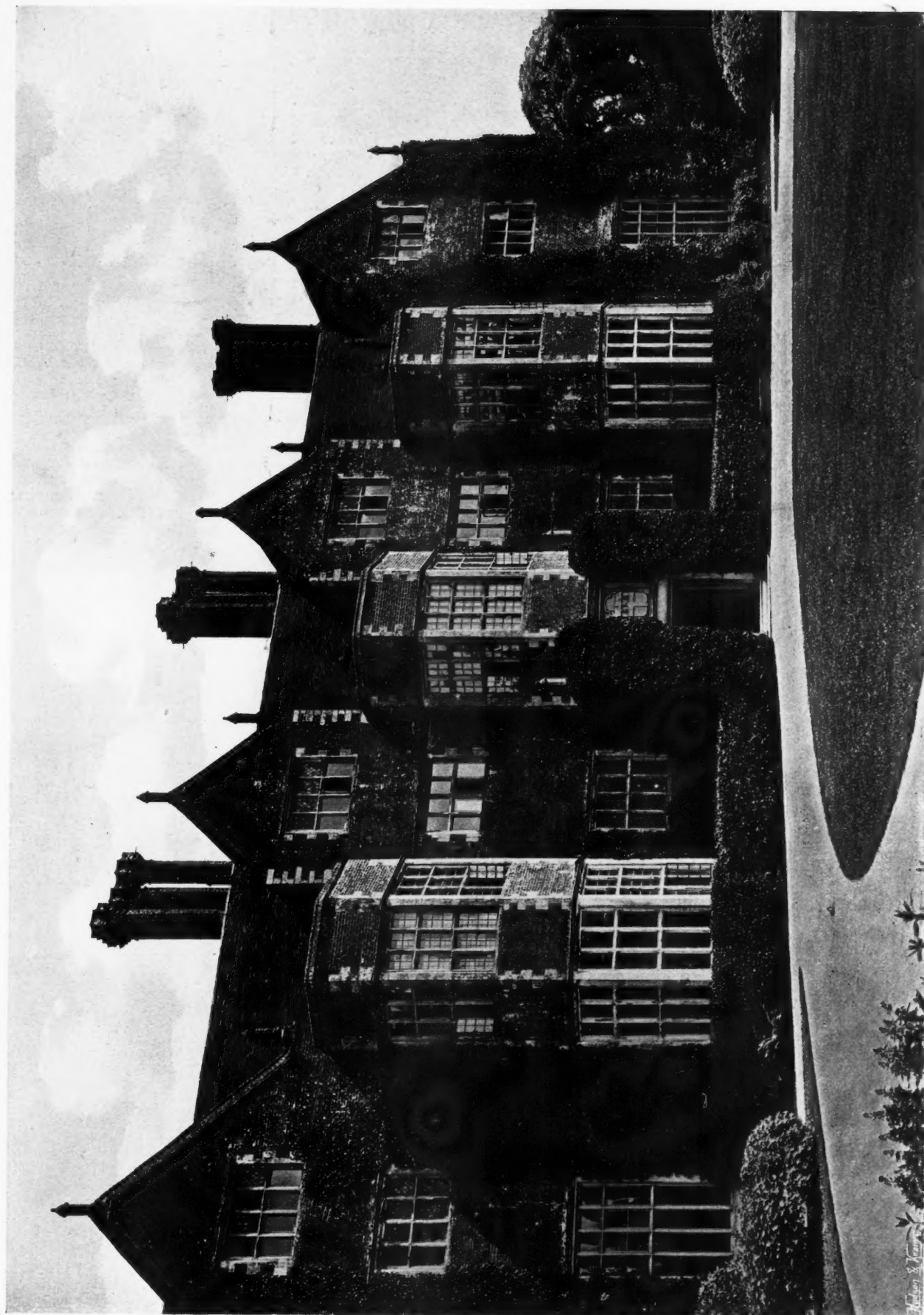
## NO FORMALITY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tall gate-posts. Within, the house is spacious and dignified, and is well plenished and adorned in accordance with its style.

The son of the builder of Moyns Park was Henry Gent, High Sheriff of the County in 1632. He died in 1639, his eldest son, Thomas, of Lincoln's Inn, having passed away in the previous year, leaving an only daughter, Frances, heiress to a considerable estate, which she conveyed to her husband, Sir Edmund Alleyn, of Hatfield Peverel in the same county. Once





THE WEST FRONT FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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EAST END OF SOUTH WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

more an heiress succeeded—Arabella Alleyn, who was twice married. The estate of Moyns Park had, however, been excepted from the female descent, and passed to George, the second son of Henry Gent, just mentioned, upon whom the estate had been settled by his father. Successive possessors bore the name of George, and one of them died in 1748 at the age of 94. Upon

the death of his son the place passed to a collateral branch, and through various hands to those of the late Major-General Cecil Robert St. John Ives, who at one time commanded the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), and died in 1896, having married the daughter of Lord Talbot de Malahide. He left four daughters.

The gardens of Moyns Park do not demand extended

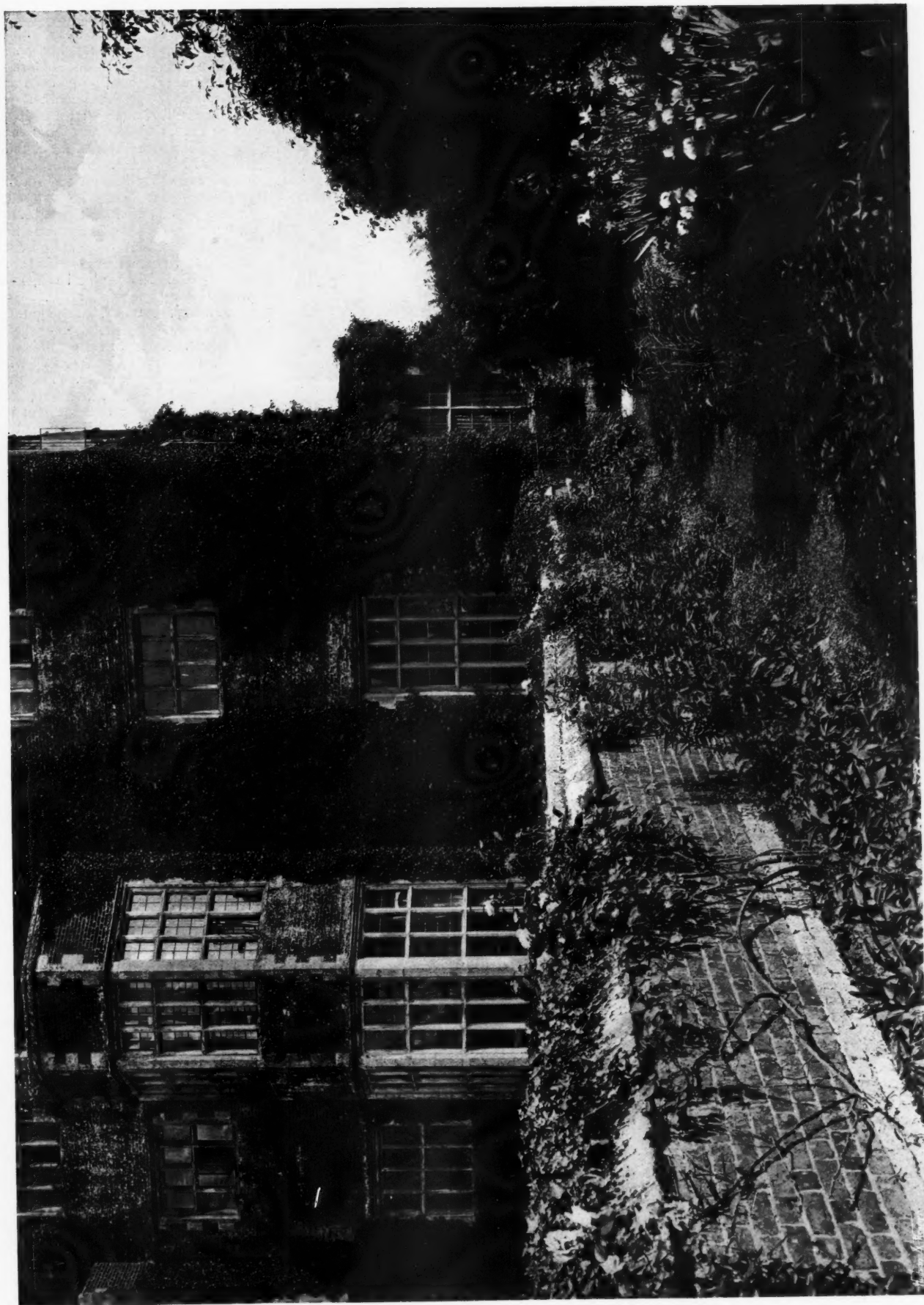


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LUPINES AND POPPIES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH WALK.

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THE BOWLING GREEN.

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SOUTH GARDEN PROMENADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GOLDFISH POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

notice. Their character is simple and beautiful. There are ample spaces of lawn, excellent grass paths, and an admirable long bowling green, flanked by a dense yew hedge kept in rounded form. Some other quaint features, in the shape of yews cut in table-like shape, are in the gardens, but generally speaking there is an absence of formality. Roses grow rampantly upon the garden walls, and there are long herbaceous borders full of lupines, proud poppies and pæonies, and phloxes, and having gay colonies of other flowers that fill them with radiance. From the pergola under the old gables on the south side the rose garden may be entered, and is full of colour and fragrance. The ornamental trees are numerous and of fine character, and there are evergreens which have a welcome effect in the winter-time. In one place is a fish-pond, with sloping grass margins. It will be noticed, too, that from the gate-post, excellent hedges extend to enclose the forecourt. The park covers about 200 acres, and is well wooded with a profusion of fine timber. The ground is level, and does not, therefore, present many advantages; but excellent planting bears its fruit, and the ancient place lies amid very pleasant surroundings.

Moyns Park, therefore, is a house that well deserves to be distinguished in these pages. Some places have made a greater noise in the world's history, but comparatively few have greater attractions than this fine East Anglian abode. In a county which possesses such places as Layer Marney and Audley End, and that is not surpassed for the richness of its architectural antiquities, Moyns Park holds a high place. The pictures do justice to its merits, and reveal its character better than words can describe it.

## THE WELL-BORERS.—II.

THE well was full of sea-water; there was no doubt about it, and the bad news was soon common property. The postman called for the letters just after the horrible discovery was made; the regulations allow him just twenty minutes to get back to the village, but that evening he made record time. It is matter of common experience that in most country places the atmosphere of the post-office is redolent of gossip and very strong cheese, and anything worth repeating goes the rounds just as surely as His Majesty's mails. Whether this was the case in our village I do not know; but within a few days everyone near who had tried to dig a well offered their sympathy and advice. Now, there lived not many miles away a man who made wells his hobby. For obvious reasons he could not collect them, but he hunted up every scrap of statistics and history about wells all over the country, and tabulated and classified them as if they had been stamps or butterflies. From him we learnt that our misfortune was not the first of its kind. He quoted two or three cases in his collection where the same thing had occurred; but one of these was far worse than ours, for quantities of sea-sand had poured in with the sea-water and choked the pumps; so that well had to be abandoned altogether. But the other wells which began with sea-water had

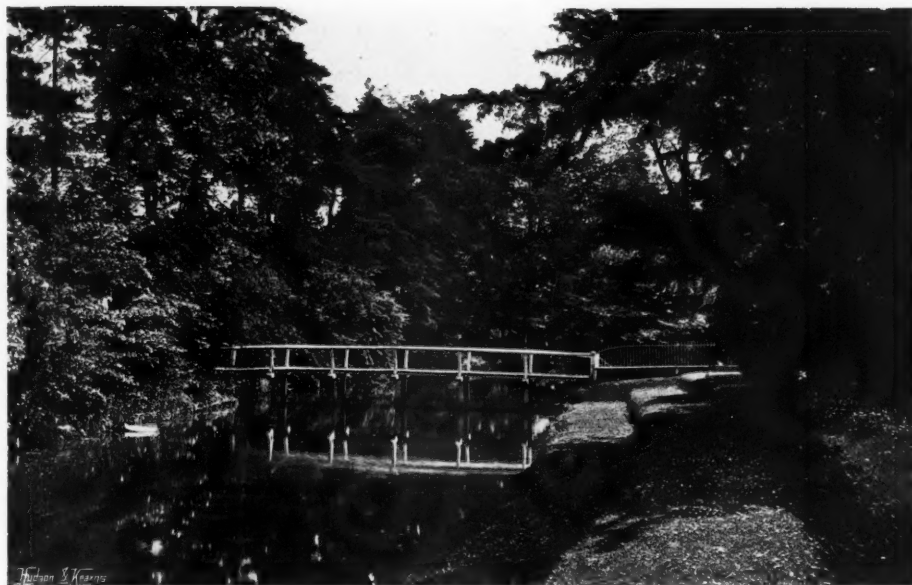


turned out all right in the end' so we put down more pipes to shut out the water we had so gladly welcomed, and prepared to go deeper for another spring. This resolution was welcomed as very spirited on our part. The whole village had by this time become interested in the personnel of our well-borers, and would have been glad to welcome them as a permanent institution. "Very nice, neighbourly parties," was the description given us in the village, and their invariable hopefulness was a treat in these pessimistic times.

It was about this time that the primroses round their hut were planted, and not long after we all went up to town. When we returned in the autumn the heap of mud was a great deal bigger, and one of the well-borers who was a married man had sent for his wife and settled down comfortably in the village. In course of time a baby well-borer arrived on the scene, which made us wonder whether the well would need another generation to finish it. But there were no signs of water, and we agreed to give up expecting it till the well was 500ft. deep.

Alas for our philosophy! When 500ft. was nearly reached a most dreadful thing happened—the auger stuck at the bottom and refused to move up or down! How it was eventually persuaded to come to the surface again I do not know, but it took eight months to do it.

We were back in town once more by that time, and the master of the house was beginning to get rather tired of Messrs. Deepdelves' little accounts, which were sent in regularly with the reports of progress, but 500ft. deep was reached and still no water. Then a few days later came a telegram, "Struck spring, 3,000 gallons an hour, good water." We all wanted to rush off at



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MOYNS PARK: ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE MOAT.

"C.L."

once to see it and taste it for ourselves, and as we could not do that, we fell to thinking what we should do with it. For there was clearly more than could be required for mere household purposes, and plenty would be left to play with.

When you have been accustomed to water measured by bucketsful, 3,000 gallons an hour seems an inexhaustible supply, and each of us who had a hobby requiring water for its full development felt his or her

dreams coming true at last. C. was an ardent photographer, and often had plates she longed to develop lying wrapt in mystery for weeks, because her dark-room tank had run dry. The mistress of the house loved her garden, and year after year planned delightful flower pictures which too often withered before her eyes just when they should have been most beautiful. B. spent his leisure in sailing, and liked to design his own boats, so an experimental tank was his heart's desire. Others wanted a model dairy and cowhouse and a water garden, while the most modest request came from A., who secretly thought the sea cold and sticky and longed for unlimited hot baths.

But alas, alas! we had reckoned without our analyst. The telegram had declared the water good—that really meant that it was not obviously bad, and, at any rate, that it was not sea-water—but the analyst condemned it utterly. "Quite unfit for domestic use," was his verdict, and to be more explicit he described it unofficially as a sort of mixture of Epsom salts and Apollinaris water, without the fizz. This new catastrophe was really crushing; if we had never found water at all we could have borne it better, but to find it, and then to discover it useless after all! Messrs. Deepdelves alone remained cheerful,



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THE WEST FRONT AT MOYNS PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and assured us that we were now in water-bearing strata, and by going a little deeper we should no doubt find a new spring. We did—and another, and another, and another, each more “mineral” than the last.

If we had wanted to start a hydro and develop the property, no doubt it would have made our fortunes, for such a variety of waters must have cured every ill that flesh is heir to; but we had no ambitions of that kind.

There seemed nothing for it but to go deeper still, though most of us secretly feared that we never should reach water “fit for domestic use”; so instead of being a constant source of excitement and family argument the subject was gradually tabooed altogether. And then, when the auger had almost been extended to its utmost, and the bottom of the well must

have been reached within a few feet, because it was impossible to reach any further, then, and not till then, we found what we wanted.

Below the spongy beds, which held the brackish springs, lay a thin layer of very hard rock, which the drill could only pierce at the rate of a few inches a day; but, when it was through, from the other side gushed a stream of water which even the analyst pronounced excellent.

It did not yield 3,000 gallons an hour, nor did its discovery create the excitement and rejoicing that the first spring had produced—we were all too subdued for that—but we have water enough now, and a little to spare, for more modest hobbies, though we cannot undertake to supply “the whole village.”

EDITH CORNISH.



IT may interest sportsmen and naturalists to see what the two record chamois heads are like. more particularly as Number One, which is the longest known, is a trophy obtained a few months ago, so that it was left to the opening year of the twentieth century to prove what statistics show to be the case also in another direction—namely, that this prized mountain game has experienced in favoured regions no deterioration either in size or in number. Indeed, in places in the Austrian Alps, close preserving and careful watching to prevent poaching have resulted in a considerable increase, if ancient shooting records of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries can be trusted. This gratifying condition of things is, however, to be found only there, where Austrian sportsmen have not spared expense and have exercised patience. In all other mountain regions the chamois is to-day very much scarcer than it used to be in mediæval days. Thus, in Gaston de Foix's famous hunting book, written in 1387, he has left us an account of sport in the Pyrenees (at that time principally pursued by peasants), in which he relates that 500 were once seen by him at one view. In the Caucasus, in Albania and Transylvania, not to speak of the Apennines, where chamois are to-day practically extinct, these beasts are not only scarcer than in former days, but also wilier. In Transylvania most of the shooting is done by peasants, who employ dogs to bring them to bay, which, if the ground is negotiable for hounds, is easily done; but, of course, this kind of hunting has the worst possible results, for chamois leave a country where they are constantly harried.

These Carpathian chamois enjoy the reputation of being the biggest of their kind, and up to last year the southernmost spur of that extended mountain system was considered to be the home of the largest. There Count Arpad Teleki bagged his big buck, which held the record for length for some years. But Baron Donald Schoenberg's success last August, in a region a good deal further

north, on the frontier of Hungary and the Bukovina, shows that no fixed rule can be laid down in this respect. This great trophy (Number One) measures 13in. in length, with a width of 7½in. from point to point of the two horns. At the annual Trophy Show at Buda Pest it received first prize.

The widest head known is one in my own collection (Number Two) of Tyrolean origin. As its photograph shows, its record width of 9½in. (with a length of 12½in.) is remarkable.

An unusually fine buck was shot last November in the Dolomites by Mr. J. Hamilton Leigh, and I believe nothing bigger was bagged in Austria proper last season. It measures (Number Three) 11½in. in length, and 7½in. in width. A very long doe's trophy was secured in the same preserve by Mr. R. K. Cross (Number Four).

A beautiful Carpathian trophy, it is reported, was bagged by Mr. C. D. Danford, with a length of 12½in., and a width of 6½in. English sportsmen did unusually well last season in the Alps at what, to most Britishers, is a novel sport, and, curiously enough, the best trophies were secured by new comers. Thus, Baron Schoenberg had never shot a chamois in Hungary before; Mr. Leigh's great trophy was the first buck he had ever killed, and Mr. Cross's success rewarded his first season's chamois stalking, while Captain J. Foster, late Master of Foxhounds, Albrighton, who had the extreme luck of bagging a partially white chamois in the Zillerthal peaks, a bit of good fortune not shared by men who have pursued the nimble mountain antelope for forty years and bagged 300 or 400 of them, had also never shot chamois before. The rifles mostly used by the Austrian as well as by English sportsmen are the '311 Mauser (1898 pattern), the '276 Mauser, known as the Spanish, and, best of all, the Mannlicher-Schoenauer, the shooting of which, particularly for fast repeating work, is, I think, better than any other small bore; for the new magazine of this rifle (invented in 1900) does away with



LIFE AND DEATH IN THE ALPS.



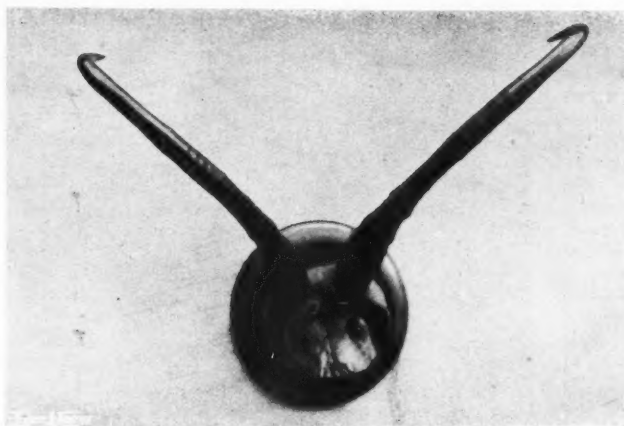
that bugbear of repeaters—viz., the jamming of cartridges, a defect from which even the newest of the Mausers is not free, as I know to my cost. In the Schoenauer magazine each cartridge occupies a separate groove, and they do not come into contact with each other, so that jamming is a physical impossibility. So smoothly does this magazine work, that on two occasions during the last season I had two chamois "in the air" simultaneously, *i.e.*, I was able to repeat so quickly that the two bucks were tumbling down at the same moment from great heights along which they were moving when my bullets overtook them.

With the old-fashioned Mannlicher and Mauser magazines I have lost dozens of far easier chances to do this by the jamming of cartridges. This, it must be remembered, is far more likely to occur in the hands of a sportsman than in those of a soldier, or, for that matter, of a gunmaker, for the sportsman instinctively refrains from using the necessary force in opening and closing the bolt action, on account of the noise it makes. With the new Schoenauer magazine the reloading can be done much more noiselessly than with any other with which I am acquainted, which in itself is a great advantage when stalking wary game; for it is a common experience that the click of the reloading action betrays one's whereabouts to game much oftener than does the shot itself, if the same be fired at game unaware of the sportsman's presence. For this reason many sportsmen have hitherto fought shy of repeaters and shot with smokeless powder out of single-loaders.

A golden rule to be invariably observed by those taking small-bores abroad is to try their ammunition before they start. Rudimentary as this sounds, it is surprising how often this precaution is neglected. There are now so many different kinds of sporting ammunitions on the market—some being cartridges with rims, some without, some straight, some bottle-necked—that it is essential one should assure one's self ere leaving of the fact that one's supply is the right kind. Another detail to be observed is that German and Austrian made cartridges, while as a rule far more uniform (and hence better) than the various types of British ammunition, shoot differently to the home article. Hence, if one has to take to the former while abroad, a few trial shots at the target should be made; for, as happened to a friend last year, there is a difference of 8 in. at 100 yds. in some, and half-a-dozen bucks were missed by him before this fact dawned upon the puzzled sportsman, whose marksmanship under ordinary circumstances was distinctly good.



1.—LONGEST HORNS KNOWN.



2.—THE WIDEST CHAMOIS HORNS KNOWN.

Unfortunately for the reputation of British sportsmen abroad, this meed of praise can by no means be extended to all; and in the opinion of the native our indifferent marksmanship with the rifle explains much that has happened in South Africa. In former years, when only a select few visited Austrian shootings,

this was much less so; indeed, instances could be cited when British marksmanship was equal to the very best Austrian marksmanship; but of late years our shooting records are getting to be quite bad, and, in some cases, instead of improving they get worse. In one instance an English sportsman, with the reputation of being a good shot who had bagged big game in various parts of the world, made the following record for himself and friend in a Carinthian preserve. In the first year the bagging of thirteen bucks and nine does took 120 shots, which is hardly what one would call first-class shooting. The second season on the second day no

fewer than twelve chamois were missed, and, subsequently, by fifty-two shots only two bucks and two does were obtained! In other words, this means an average of one kill to every sixteen shots. Put this against such a performance as the killing of twelve chamois one after the other, as did an Englishman who had never shot chamois before, and we arrive at what may be cited as the two extremes. To a certain extent,

the new comer is handicapped by novel conditions of light, ground, and the habits of the game; but in most cases our national failing of under-rating difficulties, and a careless neglect to make ourselves acquainted with the customs of the natives and the habitat of the game, is at the bottom of failure. In isolated instances, visitors hailing from "Perfidious Albion" go even further, and invite unpopularity by wilfully flying in the face of local customs. Thus the Englishman of whose indifferent shooting I have just spoken insisted on taking tents and camping high up in the very heart of the chamois ground for days at a time. In strictly preserved ground such as was this Carinthian



3.—A FINE TROPHY.

shooting, such a proceeding is not only quite unheard-of, but entails most harmful results, for chamois are exceedingly shy beasts, who will not put up with constant harrying. In this particular case, the preserve marched for its whole length with peasant shootings, and the frightened chamois crossed over to the latter ground, and there they were shot down irrespective of age and sex. That the owner of the place was irate at losing half his carefully-nursed head of game was not very unnatural, and also that when the Englishman wanted to rent another shooting then on the market, he was politely informed that he could not get it. Let those who desire to try their hand at this attractive sport remember therefore that local customs must be observed, and that bad shooting should as much as possible be avoided in chamois shooting, for it drives game away.

To speak in conclusion of appliances for this sport, telescopic sights are coming more and more into use for it, but I confess that so long as one's eyesight is moderately good and permits of average good shooting unaided by a three or four power telescope, it is, I think, taking a somewhat unfair advantage to reduce the game's chance of escape to such an important extent. If one thinks what perfectly extraordinary improvements have been effected in the big-game hunter's tools, and how these improvements have worked during the last thirty years towards the extinction of big game all over the world, it is difficult to make any reasonable forecast, not only as to the

type of arm our grandsons will use, but also as to what game in an unpreserved state will be left for them to kill. Forty years ago one still shot one's chamois or stag, as the writer did, with the good old muzzle-loader percussion-cap rifle, and the average sportsman deemed 100yds. or 120yds. the extreme limit of range for its "marble," particularly at game which, if not well hit, was likely to escape in rough or wooded country. To-day, at the great chamois drives in Tyrol and Styria, where between 200 and 300 chamois are killed by half-a-dozen guns between two Sundays, sportsmen armed with Mannlichers with telescopic sights "pull down" their beasts as often as not at 300yds. and 400yds., the soft-nosed expansive bullet propelled with incredible velocity putting its victims far more speedily out of their misery than did the round missile of earlier days. And not only has the modern arm been endowed with treble the range, but the rapidity of its fire has been increased to an even greater extent. To drop three or four beasts out of a fast-going band of chamois is to-day no uncommon feat for an experienced shot. A generation ago one, and only one, was the maximum of the keenest expert's ambition. Are not these space and time annihilating improvements good enough? Must, in addition to them, the power of the human eye be trebled or quadrupled with yet more deadly effect? Black-powder rifles with ordinary open sights exterminated in less than twenty years the bison and the bighorn on America's uplands. Had "Colonel" Cody and the professional meat and trophy hunters of his day, with their daily bags of hundreds of bison to the man, been armed with new small bores, their work of extermination would have been achieved much faster than it was. To-day, when the field for the big game hunter's activity has become immeasurably circumscribed, and our arms are becoming from year to year more deadly, one might suggest that sportsmen should refuse to resort, for game-shooting purposes, to telescopic sights until waning eye-sight makes it absolutely necessary to do so. Unfortunately, this sentiment is not shared by those whose ambition regarding the speed with which, and the distance to which, they can pump lead at game seems to be without limit.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

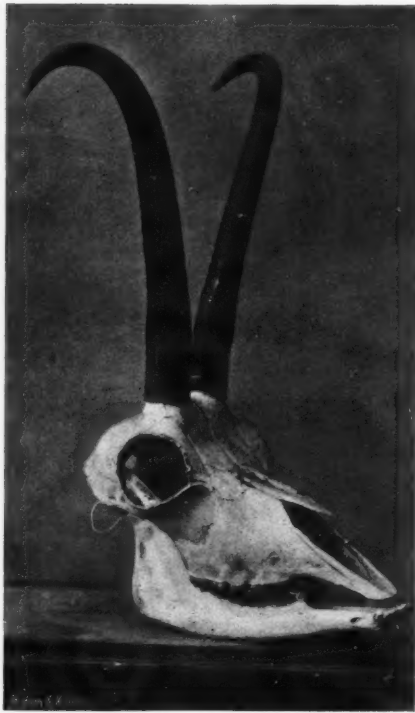
## SHOOTING NOTES.

### SHOOT COVERTS EARLY—A PLEA FROM MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

WHILE there is a very natural feeling on the part of pheasant preservers against their coverts being disturbed by the hounds while full of birds and before the first covert shoot, it is a feeling invariably respected by masters of hounds; but the long postponement of shooting places them in a very difficult position. It may prevent half their country being hunted at all till late in the season. To meet this it is understood that masters of hounds would very much appreciate the consideration of owners who are willing to shoot their coverts early. After that the pheasants care little for hounds drawing, and matters can resume their normal course. There are very many advantages in shooting early. Birds have less time to stray, and fewer are killed by foxes. Guests appreciate early shoots more than those later on. The covert-shooting gets too massed about the same time. Though less ground game is shot when the leaf is on, that only means that the second shoots are better sport; and the small loss of chances caused by the presence of leaf is more than made up by the greater number of birds in the coverts.

### ROE DEER AND CAPercaILZIE SHOOTING.

Some of the most charming days' sport ever enjoyed in the Scotch season are now beginning. The woods are driven for roe deer and capercaillie, two species of game which the average Englishman very rarely has the pleasure of a day with. The area of Scotch woods is steadily increasing, and with it the numbers of the most typically woodland creatures of the northern forests, the smallest of our deer and the largest of our game birds. Though the woods are extensive, it is not difficult to get both the roe and the capercaillie forward if the drivers are properly taught their business. What is needed is that they should move quietly, otherwise all the good bucks will squat, and only the does and fawns go forward; but with judicious "moving" rather than driving the good bucks can also be brought to the guns. The flight of the gigantic wood-grouse over the pine trees is far faster than it seems, and it is very possible indeed to



4.—CHAMOIS SKULL AND HORNS.

miss them as they come hurtling over the high Scotch firs with the wind behind to help them on. When shot they are a most impressive part of the bag, and if a bird of the year the capercaillie is excellent on the table. We were once discussing Norwegian sport with a useful all-round college servant at Oxford, who often was taken abroad by one of the Fellows who had a turn for sport, as his general handy man. On his return he was questioned as to the sport enjoyed, and dwelt with great emphasis on the "wood-cocks" that had been shot. As this was early in September, the fact was doubted; but he insisted that they had killed several of them—"wood-cocks almost as big as an eagle." Then the mystery was solved. The Continental name for capercaillie is "cock of the woods."

### AN AFRIDI RIFLE CLUB

THE letters and sketches of a winner of the Kadis Cup, the blue ribbon of Indian pig-sticking, which was gained by French, Baden-Powell, and Le Gallais successively, have just been published after his lamented death in India. The writer, Captain F. Warre-Cornish, eldest son of the Vice-Provost of Eton, was a popular officer with the Pathan members of the regiments in which he served. When on leave he went alone into the hills, to the tribes from which his men were mainly recruited, and stayed as the guest of native officers who had retired to their original life, where every man has an hereditary enemy living within a mile or two of him, and where the possession of a rifle and opportunity for free shooting is looked upon as the highest privilege of a gentleman. In one village, where he was entertained by a retired Afridi officer in his family tower, it was proposed that the afternoon should be spent at the village rifle club, and a cheery party of armed villains escorted him, after a very polite afternoon tea, to the range. In going there they had to dodge the tower of a malcontent. He would have had a shot at them if he could, and the point from which the firing was done was *inside* another tower, the firers aiming through the doorway at a piece of white cloth stuck up 400yds. off. In this way no one could take a pot-shot at the party from the rocks near. The shooting was very good, a charpoy, or native bedstead, being used as a rest, and only two rounds per man allowed. "The house at which this 'At Home' was going on had the ordinary tower and yard, but one side of the yard was formed by the hill, which at this place was a sheer cliff about 80ft. high. I observed to the old Malik," Captain Cornish wrote, "that his enemies must easily be able to fire into the yard, and he agreed, saying that at present he was at peace with all men, but that in times of trouble he always had to keep a 'bidit' up there. 'Bidit' is Afridi for vedette, slightly altered."

### MISSED BY THE TRIBESMEN AT POINT-BLANK RANGE.

Yet the writer of the letters had personal experience of how badly these men could shoot, though they were trained riflemen. They had all our gun-language by heart. "Limitford," for Lee-Metford, is a household word, and any man who had not a "ruffle" was looked on as only fit to live in the Zenana. Yet when in the Tirah Campaign he scouted into a village in the hills with only another officer and two of his native cavalry, and the whole male population of some forty men, armed with Sniders and Martinis, managed partly to surround them and open fire almost at point-blank range, only one of their horses was hit. "I turned round and saw an old man bob down on his knee, as though he were saying 'Now for it,' and the next instant it was like being in the butts in collective practice. The horses of the two sowars who brought up the rear bolted at the discharge, but they steadied them almost at once, and the hero of the two, Rahmat Khan, actually wanted me to go on past him again. It was rather horrible that as we got further away their shooting became much better, the first discharge having gone over our heads. Morris's horse was at once shot in the belly; he was just in front of Rahmat Khan, who pulled up at once, although he had to go some distance before he could stop his horse, and Morris scrambled up behind. At this time the Afridis were running along the dry shingle bed of the river at an extraordinary pace, but the shots they fired became very erratic, and we were soon out of the firing." The result was that the easiest road into Tirah was discovered. But it is extraordinary that some three dozen good shots with breech-loading rifles failed to bring down every man and horse before they had gone 50yds. Few people would like to take the chance again. But the incident is an example of how much depends not on the weapon, but on the coolness of the man behind the gun.

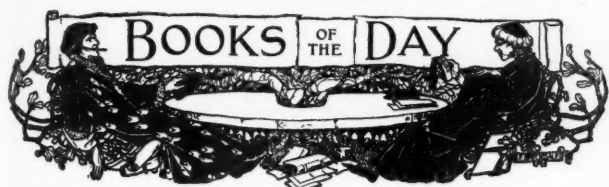
### BLACK DUCK SHOOTING.

A peculiar form of sport is going on off the North Norfolk coast at the present time, known locally as black duck shooting. The black duck are more generally known as scoters, big black sea duck that feed almost entirely on shell-fish and crustacea. In the shallow waters at the mouth of the Wash, off Holme Point and certain other parts of the coast, are vast beds of mussels called "mussel scalps." Attracted by these, the scoters come in thousands to these waters. They eat the mussels usually at high water, diving for them incessantly. When the ebb is out and the mussels exposed, the turn of the gulls comes, and the black duck scatter all over the sea in small flocks or "trips." These are rather restless, constantly flying to and fro, and joining other flocks. The black duck shooter goes out with a good seaworthy boat and a stock of india-rubber or wooden decoys painted black, which he lets out by lines from the stern of his boat. The flights of black duck passing to and fro see these, and come hurrying over them intending to settle, till they also notice the boat, when they usually swerve and go past at a great pace. It is like partridge driving over a low fence, and most exciting shooting. The birds can be seen at



a great distance coming up forty or fifty miles an hour. The only drawback is that to most palates the scoter is most unpleasant eating. The poor people say they like them and are always glad of the birds, which are a fine vehicle for onion stuffing and combine the flavour of fish and fowl.

[All enquiries under this heading to be addressed to the Shooting Editor.]



THE cricket of Cambridge University has been lucky in its chronicler. Mr. W. J. Ford is one of a distinguished band of cricketing brothers which has done a great deal in its time for the cricket of Cambridge University, and not the least that it has done is this latest work that is not of the bat, but of the pen. Mr. W. J. Ford is a practised and able wielder of both weapons. His writing goes agreeably, and an appreciative humour is not absent.

More than two-thirds of his book (*The Cambridge University Cricket Club*), which is about of the dimensions of a Family Bible, consists of records of University matches from the first initiation of the Cambridge University Cricket Match down to the present time, or at least to the end of the 1901 cricket season. In this regard Mr. Ford writes: "Such matches as the 'Freshmen's,' the 'Senior's,' the 'Eleven v. next Sixteen,' 'Perambulators v. Btceteras' (now defunct, I believe), were by the original scheme to be included in the book, to say nothing of the merry 'Quidnunc' games, writ of in old time by the cheery quill of R. A. Fitzgerald; but it was felt that the publication of some 450 full scores was in itself a sufficiently large dish, so that only first-class foreign matches, in which the 'Varsity was concerned as a 'Varsity, have been admitted. The history of its 'club cricket' has yet to be written." Appended to this are the batting and bowling averages of those who represented Cambridge in these matches, and a list of centuries. As a work of reference all this is made much more valuable and accessible by very full indexes. The part of the book not thus occupied consists of a history of the Cambridge University Cricket Club from its first beginnings, and a long chapter on Cambridge Cricket and Cambridge Cricketers; Captains of the Eleven; Statistics of Inter-University Matches. This account gives a full and clear indication of the scope and character of the book, and let it be said at once that though it is so large a work, it is in no sense heavy, neither to the hand nor to the brain. Mr. Ford himself writes with a very "cheery quill," as he says of Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald. "To one who is himself an Old Blue," he remarks in his preface, "it has been a delightful, if heavy, task to read the doings of 'famous men and the fathers who begat us,'" and the delight that the writer felt in his work is very obvious to the reader, and communicates itself very pleasantly and irresistibly to him as he reads. The reviewer who writes these words is himself an Oxford man, one of the rival University, and a greater or juster tribute cannot be paid to Mr. Ford's work than by observing that it can be read with the greatest interest by one who had not the fortune (the fortune of a special connection with both Universities is hardly given to any without the less fortunate preliminary of being "sent down" from one or the other) to be at Cambridge. If there is a censure to be passed on the book it arises from Mr. Ford's modest reticence in allotting too little and too inconspicuous a place to the gallant services of the Ford brethren in the cause of Cambridge cricket. We meet within its pages all the great incidents that we have been brought up to consider the features of the long succession of Inter-University matches. The very much discussed question of that over of Cobden's, which took the three last wickets of Oxford in successive balls, when a single boundary hit would have secured the match to the Dark Blues, receives the most adequate discussion here that we yet have seen in print, and leaves the matter as much of a mystery still—the greatest mystery of all being that there should be any mystery at all about a matter apparently so simple. It is a striking commentary on the value of evidence. That year 1870 was Cobden's year, and a Cambridge year, but the year that followed was an Oxford year, Butler's year—again a bowler's year—Butler actually taking all ten wickets in the first innings of Cambridge. There was no mystery about this. These perhaps are the two most prominent events in all the history of Inter-University cricket, but all the leading incidents are touched upon. There is Leslie walking back to the pavilion, thinking that he had been caught out by one of the Fords, and reinstated at his wicket on an appeal made to the umpire by Patterson, his fellow-batsman; there is Evans, in the same match, bombarding the Cambridge men out with an action that was an article of Oxford faith to consider the most smooth and undeniable bowling in the world; there is the sparring between "Twisting Tommy"—

R. C. Ramsay—and "Monkey" Hornby; there is the tremendous work done by the Cambridge Eleven generally in the days of the Lytteltons, the Studds, of Ivo Bligh, and of "Nab" Steel; there is "Jammy" Ridley going on with his lobs at a most critical point of the match, and winning it. What would have been said, asks Mr. Ford aptly, if he had been hit a few times running for four? That might have happened so easily; but it did not happen. There are lucky generals and there are unlucky generals, as General Ben Viljoen said the other night in his lecture. There is R. A. H. Mitchell hitting fearfully to leg. Mr. Ford is appreciative of the great Oxford performances as of the Cambridge. There is "Bunny" Lucas faultlessly batting, and running yards and yards to catch that tremendous low drive of Bonner's just in front of the pavilion at the Oval. All these there are, and many more that make the heart tingle, of reminiscences well and pleasantly suggested. As a latest feature there is Mr. G. F. Penn going out from the Cambridge Eleven to fight the Boers and returning to take his place in it again. This at least is unique.

But, of course, the really best days of Cambridge cricket were those when A. G. Steel was a new discovery, and was abetted by Alfred Lyttelton, by the Studds, by Ivo Bligh, and last, but not least to be rated, the Fords. A. G. Steel was a sort of "Little Wonder" in the cricket-field, the best all-round that Cambridge has produced, and the Eleven in his day the best that Cambridge has seen, a fair terror to its opponents, especially to the Australians, one of whom Mr. Ford quotes as humorously saying that Cambridge had beaten them so often and so badly that it was only necessary to wave a light blue coat at them and they would run.

The Cambridge University Cricket Club was started, as it appears, in 1820—this cricket is a very modern game in comparison with golf and others; and at first it appears also that little attention was paid to it, little money spent on it, and grounds were not perfect. Mr. Ford writes: "Fenner's ground was not secured till 1848, 'being made,' it is said, 'for the Earl of Stamford and Lord Darnley, Parker's piece being too public.' Tradition says that the M.C.C. refused to appear again on the famous 'Piece,' owing to the ill-mannered chaff to which they had been subjected in previous years." This is curious, showing the little esteem in which cricket was held by "the general" at that time, also as showing the origin of "Fenner's," and finally the early connection of a Lord Darnley, which has never been broken, with Cambridge cricket. They generally began their cricket before Easter, says Jenner Fust, quoted by Mr. Ford, but this need not be taken as indicating that the spring climate was more genial then, for he adds: "I remember being caught in a heavy snowstorm when playing in April." Mr. Deacon, captain of the Cambridge Eleven in 1850, says of "Fenner's": "I can certify that the ground was pretty rough then, for I was knocked down senseless by a ball in the eye from 'young' Lillywhite!" Undeniable certificate! Most of the early Inter-University matches were played at Oxford, because the Cambridge ground was so bad (Lord's was probably worse; and although the first and third 'Varsity matches were played at Lord's, the idea of a regular annual match in London was not mooted at first); and this is curious, because for some years the advantage that Cambridge had over Oxford in cricket—about the time of the most famous Cambridge Elevens—was very commonly attributed to the better grounds at Cambridge. That was before Oxford cricket went to "the Parks." But of course no grounds were what they are now, nor approached their excellence. Of Herbert Jenner, the famous wicket-keeper, it is said: "He did not stand up close to the wicket as they do now. He was virtually wicket-keeper, short slip, and short leg." No man could have stood up to the wickets as grounds then were.

We must resist the temptation of further "cribbing" from Mr. Ford's book. The cricketer must read it—not only the cricketer whose coat is light blue, but every man whose heart is in the game. It is interesting and it is pleasant. Mr. Ford says: "I am willing to do penance in sheet and candle if I have wounded anyone's feelings." He will not need this candle nor this, necessarily voluminous, sheet. No writing that had to deal perforce with personalities could be more charmingly and courteously free of offence.

IN *Donna Diana* (Arnold) Mr. Richard Bagot once more turns the searchlight of intimate knowledge upon the weaknesses of the Roman Catholic Church; and in this, his latest novel, but not, be it hoped, his last, he walks with the sure footstep of the practised novelist. Apart altogether from the main theme, the reader is struck from time to time, is, indeed, almost startled, by brilliant epigrams, which sparkle the more fiercely in that the text is not overloaded with them. Again, the portraiture is sound, careful, and human, and the atmosphere is perfect. The reader positively feels that he is in Rome and among the Romans, and that they are all real and living. For the theme, it is, in its inception, the saddest that the Roman Church can show. A beautiful young girl, long before she can possibly know her own mind, is doomed by her relations to become the bride of the Church—in other words, to be immured in a nunnery. Yet her relations, for the most part, do not mean ill by her. Her mother is placidly, stupidly, perhaps, convinced that the child has a real vocation. Her father is careless and good-natured. Her uncle, the Cardinal, is a little unduly anxious to further the design because, as a matter of detail, he

is the girl's trustee, and has misappropriated some of her money. Of course, the nunnery would want her money in the long run, but there is the consoling feeling that a nunnery will be easier to deal with than a human bridegroom. Still, the Cardinal becomes as honourable as it is possible for a defaulting trustee to be when the crucial point comes, and is prepared to face exposure and disgrace when he finds that the girl is really in love with Edmund Vane, an English Catholic of fortune, who had saved her brother's life in Africa. Still, it is convenient that Vane does not need a dowry. Incidentally, there is a vast amount of petty scheming, very cleverly described, and of exposure of the rotten places in Roman Catholicism. This is done so ruthlessly that occasionally the reader, Protestant although he be, remembers that there are excellent Roman Catholics who have feelings, and that the conventual system, wrong as it seems to those who are not Roman Catholics, has its historical explanation in the Vestal Virgins. But Mr. Bagot also can see some good in the Church which, not to put too fine a point on it, he attacks; and the picture he draws of the contrast between two classes at the Vatican is clean and touching. "You may look into eyes that have grown weary with gazing on suffering, and on sin that has produced it. . . . On the countenances of the courtiers you may read the love of the Church; but on the faces of these, the humble workers in God's Vineyard, is written a very different love—the love of God." Donna Diana, the child, is as beautifully drawn a character as the heart might desire; Frau von Raben, her German dragon, is a splendidly malignant portrait. A bitter book is this, but a strong and a clever one. It will ruffle the dovescocks, and it will be placed on the Index.

*Lombard Studies*, by Countess Martinengo Cesaresco (Fisher Unwin), is well worthy of an article to itself. The Countess, who is of good English blood, and has made a name for herself in literature, is married to the representative of one of the most historic houses of Lombardy, and her house is the hardly less historic castle and palace of Salò, on the banks of Lago di Garda, of which Lady Mary Wortley Montague raved, somewhat inaccurately as to history, but truthfully as to environment, to her daughter Lady Bute. "You must turn to the fairy tales to give you any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace . . . the most complete habitation I know in Europe." That was true enough, though Lady Mary was wrong in deeming it to have been built by Cosmo, Duke of Florence. Into the history of this house and of its heroes, who were really great, into the associations of the locality, Virgil's country and that of Catullus too, and into the life of the peasants, which is intensely interesting, the Countess has entered with all the ardour of a cultivated and sympathetic Englishwoman. The result is an emphatically delightful book, to which exceptionally good illustrations, particularly reproductions of portraits by Moretto, are no small addition.

*The Heart of Japan*, by C. L. Brownell (Methuen), is unpretentious, valuable, and interesting, because it bears the impress of truth. The author rhapsodises less concerning the Land of the Rising Sun than most travellers, but that is because he has been a resident rather than a globe-trotter. He has spent five years in the interior, far away from "the tourist-worn borders of this ancient and fascinating land," teaching sometimes, idling sometimes, always living as a native; and he writes his experiences in easy and episodic form. The result is a series of scenes out of native life, which, if they do not always represent it in quite such alluring colours as mere travellers use, are full of suggestion to missionaries and even to statesmen. Japan is not, indeed, quite the innocent Arcadia that some describe at first sight; but it is an amusing place, and this is a distinctly amusing book.

With *Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego* (Cassell), Sir Martin Conway gives "the record of the last of my own mountain explorations that I shall write"; and, if this means that he is not going to write any more about mountains and the ascent of them, the news will be received with general regret. "For all of us there are many kinds of joy as yet unexperienced, many activities untried, many fields of knowledge unexplored. We must not spend too large a fraction of life over one, or the rest will escape us. It is life, after all, which is the largest field of exploration." Against this passage one might almost write, after the fashion of certain pestilent readers of books from the circulating library, "Very true." If Sir Martin, after thirty years of climbing, is going to explore life and write about it, he will be worth reading; but, then, so are many other men and women; and nobody treats of mountains so well. "*Aconcagua*" is, like Sir Martin's other books, lucid, practical, and picturesque.

*The Fore-Runner*, by Dmitri Merejowski (Constable), has appeared in Russia as *The Resurrection of the Gods*, in France as *The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*, which is a better title than the one given to the present admirable but anonymous translation direct from the Russian. In one sense it reminds one of the Needy Knife-grinder and his saying, "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell you"; for it is made up of nearly 500 closely-printed pages full of episodes and digressions. But as a picture of Florence and Florentine life in the days of the Italian Renaissance it is not surpassed, or even equalled, by any sober history. The character of Leonardo is drawn very finely and with intimate knowledge, and the bigotry of Savonarola, the side of him which George Eliot did not touch in "*Romola*," is shown with relentless force.

*Outer Isles*, by Miss A. Goodrich-Freer (Constable), is an unhappy mixture of a crude political, anti-Free Church, anti-landowner, anti-sportsman tract, with an interesting and vivid description of the Outer Hebrides and their primitive people. From the latter point of view it is well worth reading, and the attitude adopted on controversial topics is so plainly one-sided that, after all, it amuses rather than offends. Very curious are these Outer Islands, or Western Hebrides, but one cannot help pitying the inhabitants.

*Ten Portraits of British Soldiers*, by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, Chaplain to the Forces (Unwin), is amusing and not unprofitable in the reading. It shows the daily life of the soldier, and makes suggestions for its amendment. I like "the wives of cavalry, horse artillery, or any who consider that they belong to a corps a cut above the others," who "pride themselves on not knowing the woman trash of infantry swine."

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

*The Maid at Arms*, by R. W. Chambers (Constable). A new book, by the author of "*The Ashes of Empire*," which will add to his reputation as a writer of spirited historical novels. Englishmen can hardly be entirely sympathetic readers of romances of the American War of Independence; but Mr. Chambers does not press the American view too strongly, and his vigorous style and genuine power of portraiture are undeniable. The heroine is finely portrayed, so is the historic Magdalen Brant.

*The Traitors*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.) If "*The Prisoner of Zenda*" had never been written, this novel would be acclaimed as original in conception and admirable in treatment. As matters stand it can only be called a really first-rate essay in "*Zendaism*," and a most entertaining book.

*Unofficial*, by the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes (Constable). There is a true story of a nobleman who wrote home from South Africa during the war to the effect that "a common or garden viscount" had no chance of employment, and that a man needed to be a Duke or Marquess at least. Something of the same kind might be said of this the latest-born book of the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes. It contains two Dukes, one Duchess, and several other "titled persons."

*Confessions of a Caricaturist*, by Harry Furniss (Unwin). Here we have a popular edition, fully illustrated, of a well-known work by a man whose name is a household word. Mr. Furniss is not the most refined nor the most essentially good-humoured of our caricaturists, but he has done some excellent work in his time, and much of it is reproduced here.

*Rochester and Other Literary Kakes of the Court of Charles II.*, by the author of "*The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*" (Longmans). This may be a book requiring fuller notice. "In a study of the rakish side of the Court of Charles II., and even in a study of the literary aspects of that rakishness, it will be necessary to enter some unsavoury places and to mix among some questionable companions. Those who fear either had better accept this warning, and bid us farewell at the threshold."

One can hardly review as literature the new volume of the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, but it is distinctly agreeable to note in it that new views are forcing their way to the front. For example, Mr. Charles E. Pearson contributes a cheerful paper on "Birds v. Gardening," with frivolous allusions to *Passer Damnabilis*, and things like that. Then Miss Jekyll's excellent lecture of last April, on "*The Pergola in English Gardens*," is printed in full, with some beautiful illustrations; and the Hon. Mrs. Boyle (E.V.B.) is permitted, in a graceful and cultivated paper, to expound her admiration for the common weeds of the garden. Few writers are better versed in the folklore of plants. For example, how many readers know that *Euphorbia* points its leaves north, south, east, and west?

Last week saw one considerable literary event. The Lord Chancellor himself, in the literary supplement of the *Times*, reviewed the sixth of the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, dealing principally with the article connected with law. Those who know the Lord Chancellor as one of the most acute and clear-headed of lawyers, as a judge who seems to possess an intuitive faculty for piercing to the kernel of a question, will be in nowise surprised at the cool sense and outspoken candour of his article, although they may perhaps be astonished at the scorn which an occupant of the Woolsack pours upon the so-called system of land laws in Ireland, even while they share his view. The article, which is long enough for a magazine, serves to remind us that Lord Halsbury has hereditary title to be a man of letters, and proves that the shrewd judge, sometime the able advocate, is no unworthy son of a literary father.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### BELATED SWALLOWS.

ANY swallows and martins have been belated in their migration this year. Although all of our own swallow-birds had left the East Coast for some time, two or three to a dozen house-martins and an occasional swallow appeared almost daily up to October 24th. Where they came from or whether they went it would be hard to say, for the wind, shifting about in the west, was slight. That they were travelling, however, was evident, because they halted only for an hour or two in the morning and then disappeared. On two occasions drenching rain was falling, and the house-martins were evidently glad to find the nests of their kind under the eaves, where they sheltered till the sky cleared. It is possible, of course, that they were some of our own martins which were the last to leave us with an east wind, and had wandered with the west wind back again; but more probably they were migrants from afar delayed by contrary winds, and travelling, as they often do in that case, along the coast-line.

### MIGRANT CROW-BIRDS.

From early morning until the late afternoon on the 24th, as well as during a part of the previous day, innumerable hosts of larks, hooded crows, rooks, and jackdaws were passing along the coast-line towards the west, although what wind there was blew against them. These were probably birds travelling from the North of England, which had been carried by the north-west wind of the day before across the mouth of the Wash to the east of Norfolk, and were flying inland along the coast-line. It is possible, of course, that they had come from Scandinavia in the first instance with the strong east winds of the previous week, but in that case they would almost certainly have been accompanied by redwings and fieldfares.

### RESIDENTS AND TRIPPERS.

That they were strangers to the neighbourhood was evident from the indifference with which they were regarded by our resident rooks and crows, who went about their daily business without taking any notice of the flocks of their kindred passing overhead. Sometimes indeed a flock of rooks, disturbed by the crow-scarer from a sown field where they were helping themselves rather than the farmer, would fly across the course of the migrant birds, and you could see the two flocks threading their way through each other's ranks, and, though many on both sides were cawing as they flew, not a bird seemed to alter its course to join the other party. This would suggest that these birds on migration have some definite intention of finding a region which is not already occupied to its full capacity, and, as they flap along over leagues of ploughland and marsh, pasture and heath, are always looking ahead for fields which "other fellows" have not taken before them.

### THE SKYLARK AS POLICEMAN.

The same rule appears to guide the travelling skylarks, although the resident skylarks by no means exhibit towards them the same indifference as the resident rooks show for their migrant kin. Instead, every cock skylark, fussing about his ownership of a few square yards of pasture, seems always glad of an excuse to be "up and at" a passing brother; and while the migrating skylarks stream by, flying low and steadily, the air above is filled with music, where resident skylarks are each vociferously denying the right of any other skylark to touch his private space of feeding ground down below. Each lark is his own policeman, and trills "pass along there, pass along" all the while the crowd of vagabonds lasts.

### LEARNING TO PERCH.

The skylark, like the moorhen, often becomes a perching bird. He soon finds out that the flat bar of an iron hurdle suits the spread of his feet, and you



may often hear him singing from the top of a trimmed hedge; but in neither of these cases is he obliged to grasp with his claws. In a field of mangolds, however, he will fly from one flowering stem to another and alight upon each with the confidence of a linnet. It is true that he always sits upon the very summit of the tufted greenstuff, but even so one would suppose that he must grip with his claws in the same way as his shorter hind-toed relatives. Another favourite perch of the skylark is the top of a stack, and when possession is disputed by another skylark you may see their fighting attitudes to great advantage silhouetted against the sky. Besides erecting his crest into a sharp peak and elevating his half-spread tail almost perpendicularly, the lark spreads out all his body plumage, so that every marked feather which he possesses is fully displayed.

#### FIGHTING COLOURS.

This seems to be the invariable rule in bird fights, as though, like savages who put on war-paint, the combatants try to overawe each other by their magnificent appearance. For this reason, I do not hold with the modern theory of some naturalists that the conspicuous colours which some birds have upon the lower parts of their backs are "recognition colours," acquired for the purpose of enabling birds of the same family or species to recognise and follow each other. It is much more probable that these colours are decorative, like other ornaments of birds, because the lower part of the back is the most conspicuous section of the bird's body in the attitude of combat or courtship. On these occasions the body is almost always tilted forward in such a way that the feathers on the lower part of the back make the immediate background to the bird's raised head. Look at the fighting or wooing yellowhammer, and note the brilliant contrast between his yellow throat and the bright chestnut

back behind it, or the bullfinch with jet black hood and ruby neck against his snow-white back. Look even at the common house-sparrow, as he hops around the object of his (generally illicit) affections in a spatch-cocked attitude, and you will see that, although the lower part of his back is only dull grey, he makes a fine display of it in contrast with the mixed browns and black of his head and wings. There are other reasons for distrusting the theory of "recognition colours," but I have no space to give them here.

#### THE MUSIC OF WILD GESE.

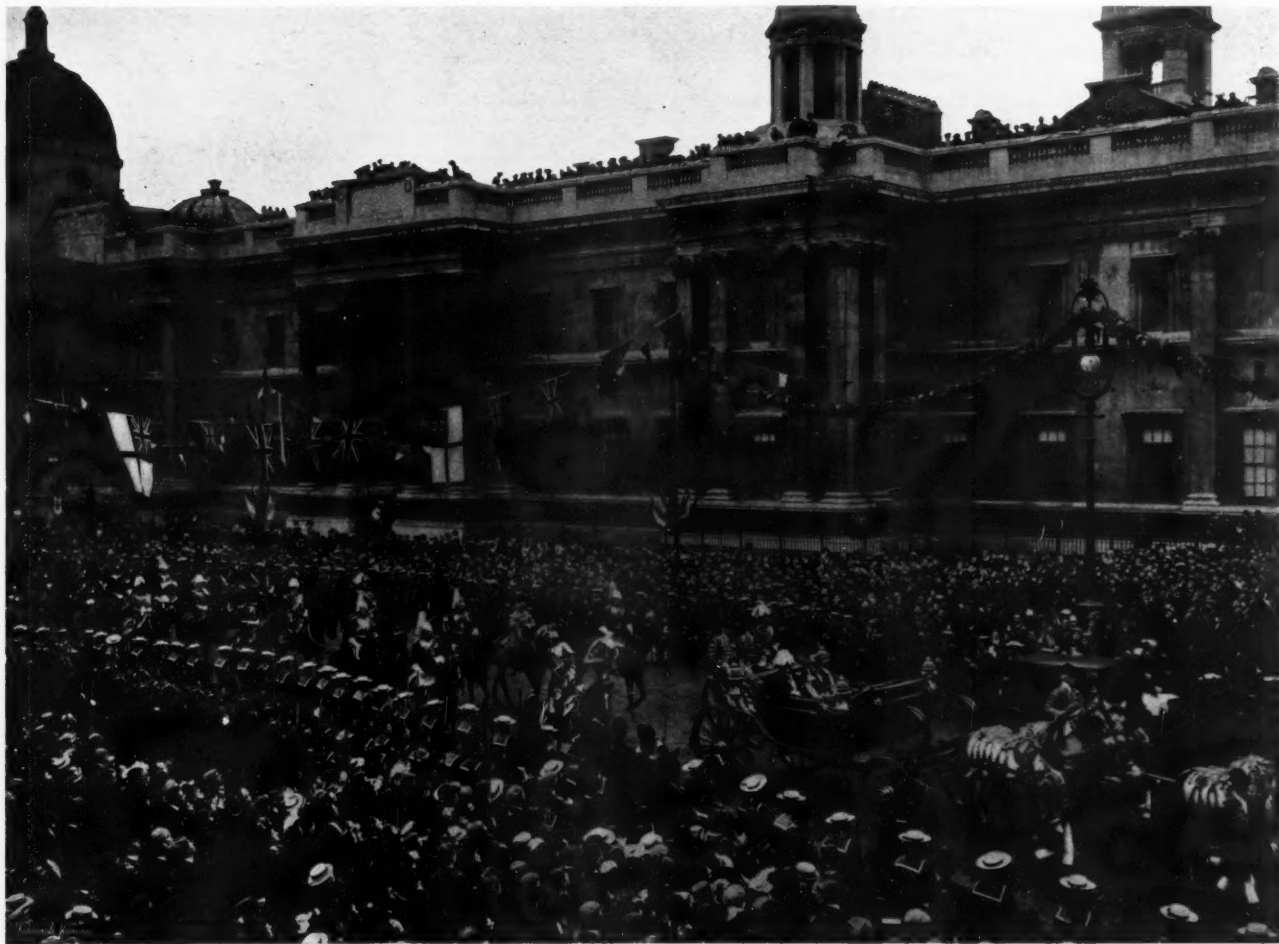
To return to our bird migrants; the pink-footed geese have come to Norfolk in unusually large numbers this year. I counted over three hundred a few days ago as they passed overhead in a series of V-shaped squadrons, filling the sky with the musical discords of their clanging chorus, and during the last week they have resumed their delightful practice of flying over the house at night on their way to and from their feeding grounds and the sea. The story is told of a Norfolk clergyman who consistently refused preferment because he did not want to leave a place where he could hear the wild geese at night, and in no part of the world have I heard a wild sound which gives so much pleasure as the cry of wild geese outside at night when the house is hushed and quiet. Its peculiar charm is hard to put into words, and perhaps it arises chiefly from the interest which the noble birds excite in all who have seen them by day drifting in ordered ranks, like diagrams from Euclid, across the sky. Certainly if one attempted to reproduce their notes on a tin horn in a drawing-room it would be voted a horrible noise; but to lie in bed and hear the wild geese passing high above the roof, calling down their line under the stars, is another story.

E. K. R.

## THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

TO the heartfelt satisfaction of his subjects King Edward VII. was enabled on Saturday to fulfil an old promise, and, as some compensation for the pageant spoiled in June, make a very stately and royal progress from Buckingham Palace to the City and back through southern London and Westminster. Nothing occurred to mar or spoil the event in any way. The weather was ideal for the latter end of October, and the spectators could not have been more comfortable in mid-June. As he passed along the route the King received addresses from the various magnates of local government, as the Chairman of the County Council, the Mayor of Westminster, and the Mayors of the Northern Boroughs. At the Guildhall there had been erected what older writers would have termed, a fair pavilion, and here Their Majesties were received by the Lord Mayor and City

Corporation. Whereupon ensued an exchange of courtly speeches, and the King and Queen, having been entertained, continued their journey by way of London Bridge and the Borough, receiving addresses as they went. All were glad to see that the King appeared to be in quite unusual health and spirits, evidently entering into the spirit of the scene and enjoying it thoroughly. Altogether the show was a very fine one, the brightly coloured decorations standing out well against the grey and blackening walls of a metropolis whose soot is always most apparent in autumn. On Sunday the King and Queen, attended by several members of the Royal Family, went to St. Paul's and joined there in the solemn service of Thanksgiving held for his recovery. The weather was not so propitious as it had been on the day before, but it was not so inclement as to prevent a large crowd from assembling to watch the Royal party, which returned to the



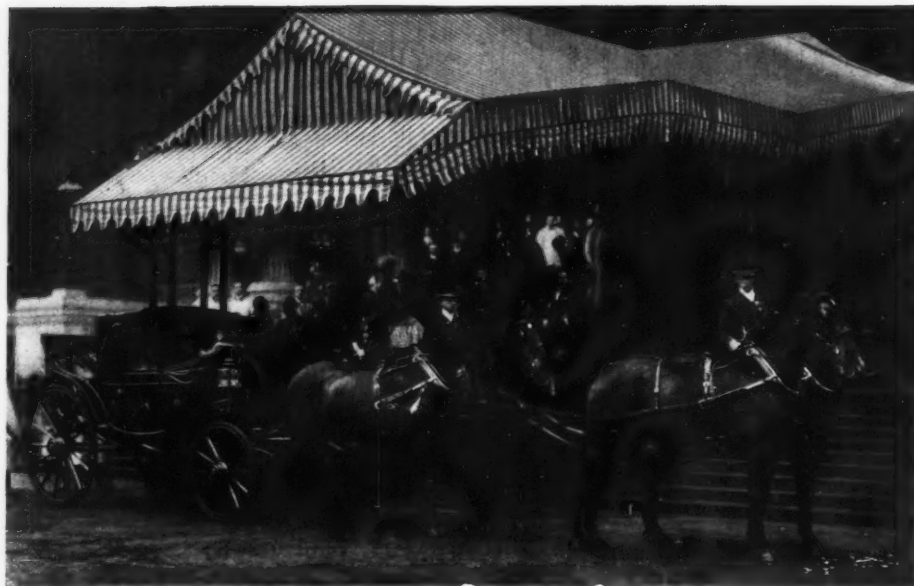
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THE KING AND QUEEN AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

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Palace by Newgate Street, Holborn Viaduct, Holborn, Oxford Street, and Hyde Park.

So great is the King's reputation for tact, that it may appear almost an impertinence to point out the exquisite appropriateness of his replies to the various addresses presented to him. Not a word in any of them appears to be out of place or sounds a false note of any kind. His speeches were all as sincere as they were well-expressed. And the Queen, for whom he spoke, charmed every eye by an appearance that seems to defy the inroads of time. Never did she appeal more strongly to the hearts of her devoted subjects. At St. Paul's on Sunday the Bishop of London gave stately and adequate expression to the genuine feeling aroused. He spoke of the great anxiety caused by the illness of the King in 1871, when he was Prince of Wales, and how it settled down upon the nation like a great depression. After all the intervening years once more our King is placed in very much the same position, once more he has been face to face with death, and emerges unscathed from the encounter. It was, indeed, a text to wax eloquent on, and the Bishop of London did it full justice.



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THE KING AT ST. PAUL'S.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE FOOD OF YOUNG GROUSE. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice that the question of the food of young grouse has more than once appeared in your columns of late. It has also engaged the attention of correspondents of other papers, in reference to the unexpected survival of the young birds in a year when the heather buds, on which they are popularly supposed to feed, were damaged or undeveloped owing to frost. There is no doubt that this was the case. But has the belief that young grouse feed entirely, or even largely, on heather in the earlier stages, say for the first month of their existence, any foundation in known facts? I very much doubt it. Quite young grouse are not accidentally killed by reaping machines, as were the young partridges examined by your shooting correspondents last summer. But possibly someone can state from his personal knowledge what is the food of the young ones? It is known that practically all young birds of the passerine tribes, such as sparrows and finches, are fed on insects by their parents during the early weeks of their existence, though later they may become mainly grain-eaters. This seems probably true of the grouse, too, as it is of the partridge. But I ask for information, and can only generalise personally.—C. J. CORNISH.

[Perhaps some reader can answer this important question to owners of moors.—ED.]

### PEKINESE SPANIEL.

#### [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if, through the columns of your paper, you can inform me of the correct points of a Pekinese spaniel; also probable value. I



PEKINESE SPANIEL CHIFU.

have one which came from the Palace at Pekin. I herewith enclose her photograph. She has irregular black spots on her body, with a white line down her forehead, and tiny fawn-coloured marks over each eye, but nowhere else. She has very full brown eyes, and a very short nose, and her ears have long fringes, as also have her legs and feet. She carries her tail like a spaniel, high over her back (it almost touches the back of her head) and it is fringed with hair 4in. long. Her front legs are very bowed, and her feet go flat on the ground, from the wrist, as it were. Her chest is immensely broad, but she slopes up very much to her

hind legs, and has quite a small waist. She weighs nearly 7lb., but ought to weigh less, as she is very fat. She nearly always has her tongue out. My excuse for troubling you is that there are several Chinese dogs in Murree, and the discussions are frequent as to their points. They all have tightly-curved tails, and their owners say that my dog is wrong; but I contend that the tightly-curved tail comes from a strain of the Pekin pug, or ordinary Chinese Chow dog, and is quite wrong in a spaniel. I have been told that if she were all black she would be worth £100, but being black and white she is not worth quite so much. The yellow ones are the least valuable, I am told. I shall be much obliged if you will tell me if this is correct, and if her waving tail mars her beauty. I am rather ashamed of troubling you, but I venture to do so as I see you do answer correspondents in COUNTRY LIFE.—BEATRICE C. RETALLICK, Powell's Hotel, Murree, India.



[In order to convey to our correspondent our idea of what a Pekinese spaniel should be, we publish herewith an admirable illustration by Mr. Salmon of Mrs. Ridler's Chifu, one of the best specimens of the breed which we have seen, and a winner of forty-three prizes, including the cup offered for the best Pekinese under 7lb. weight at the Crystal Palace Show the week before last, and four first prizes at the Aquarium last week.

The main points of the variety, which is a very hardy one, are large dark-coloured heads, very short faces, long, rather flat-sided bodies, short legs turned out at the elbows, and well-feathered tails tightly curled over the back. The toes and long ears are fringed with hair, the eyes are large and bright, whilst they are lively, good-tempered little dogs, of a sort of golden tawny colour. The larger ones are called lion dogs, and the smaller ones sleeve dogs. It will be seen that our correspondent's dog, of which we also publish an illustration, differs very materially from the type accepted in this country, as it is not of the same colour, and the carriage of her tail is totally different. In spite, therefore, of the fact that she came from the Palace at Pekin, we are inclined to question the purity of her blood. The way of standing on her ankles suggests carelessness in rearing on the part of her original owners, whilst the protruding tongue is a form of paralysis common amongst all varieties of toy spaniels and pugs.—ED.]

### SONNING BRIDGES.

#### [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of the 18th ult. I see a charming sketch of the old and new bridges over the river Hodder in Lancashire, heading a paragraph in which the same course is very judiciously recommended to those interested in the preservation of old Sonning Bridge. I write to inform you that the bridge over the Hodder forms by no means an isolated case in our county; for we have on the road between the city of Manchester and the county borough of Bury the same condition of things, where the two-arch modern structure of Blackford Bridge stands a few yards higher up the stream than the picturesque but ruinous semi-circular single-arch bridge, constructed in the days of pack-horses. Again, near the borough of Accrington, we have at Barrowford a strong modern two-arch bridge, carrying the steam-roller, the traction-engine, and motor lorry, while the ancient narrow bridge, unfit for any vehicle, stands ivy grown a few yards up stream. As in the case of Skelwith Bridge, a few years ago swept away by a flood in the river Brathay, which, flowing from the Langdale Pikes



into Windermere, forms the boundary between the counties of Lancashire and Westmoreland, we rebuilt it with a slightly increased waterway, and of more stability, but carefully preserving the general tone and picturesque appearance; so to-day near Conistone we are rebuilding two of our principal bridges with improved foundations of red sandstone, arches turned in blue bricks, and inverts where necessary, but masked with the rough untoolled stone of the district. There may be difficulties in leaving the old structure standing as to how a County Council can divest itself of the statutory obligation of maintaining it, but these are by no means insurmountable.—W. W. B. HULTON, Chairman of the Main Roads and Bridges Committee, Lancashire C.C.

#### A LEGAL QUESTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Living in a suburb where arboriculture has no limit, I am surrounded and completely shut in by trees, so much so that, though having a good-sized garden, the pleasure of a profitable return, or, indeed, I might say any return at all, in many cases is denied me, entirely through the selfishness of my neighbours. I am very fond of trees, but one may have too much of them. The plan is to plant quick-growing trees, such as Canada poplar, sycamore, and such-like, as near the boundary line as possible, with the idea of a screen or shelter. This, of course, I do not object to, but when it comes to a huge forest of branches overhanging, and that pretty well all round me, the effect is simply disastrous. Now what is my remedy? Letters of the most courteous description are of no avail. You may probably say, trim them back after due notice; but here's the rub—to do so I should require a scaffold, the nature of the trees on my side not permitting a ladder. Anyway, there would be a big expense. Now, supposing I undertook the work, could I compel my neighbours to reimburse me?—TOO MUCH SHADE, Woking.

#### THE CONDEMNED BUNGALOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose herewith a plan of the bungalow condemned by the Dartford Rural District Council as unfit for human habitation, and with it a report by G. V. Poore, M.D., universally recognised as one of our first living authorities on rural hygiene.—E. D. TILL.

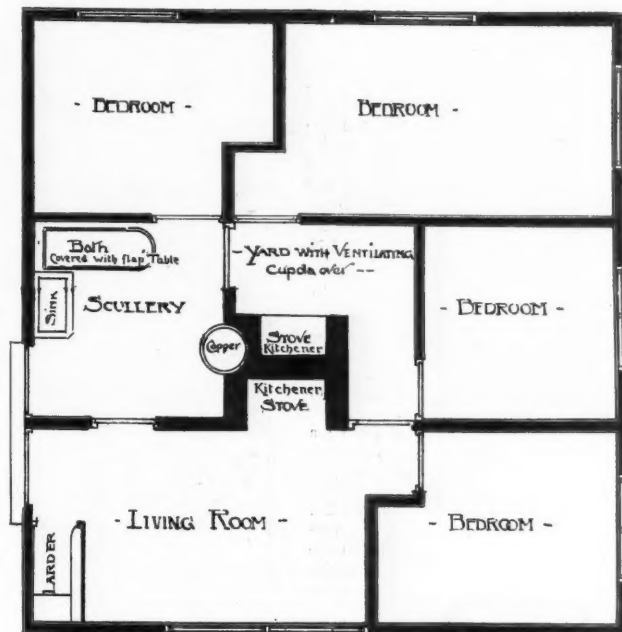
"DEAR MR. TILL,—Having visited your one-storied cottage at Eynsford, I am of opinion that it is a perfectly wholesome dwelling and a most interesting attempt to solve the difficulty of housing the agriculturist at reasonable cost. It is dry, wholly detached, ventilated on all sides, with big windows, good water supply, provided with sink, bath, and wash-copper. There is an earth-closet away from the house, and the slop water is disposed of by a filtration gutter without risk of putrefaction or annoyance. Further, which is most important, it has a quarter of an acre of garden, which in the hands of a competent man will more than pay the rent. The fact that it is detached and has a garden puts it in a different category from a town dwelling. It is built of the same materials (concrete, corrugated iron, and match-board) as are being used by the War Office on Salisbury Plain, and it is certain that it is no longer possible to build cottages (if they are to yield even 3 per cent. on capital) with such an expensive material as bricks. To lessen the expense of brick cottages they are now being planned in rows, with small back-yards, or in "flats," in which overcrowding, the greatest of all sanitary evils, reaches a maximum. It is probable that if you obtain a reasonable amount of liberty, you will vary your plan and improve upon it. It is novel and ingenious, and has all the compactness and comfort of a yacht. The increased danger of fire is practically nil, and this is acknowledged by the fire assurance offices. As to danger to life in case of fire, that is reduced to a minimum, for if the door got blocked, escape by the window is safe and easy. Being detached, if infectious disease occurs among the inmates, it is little likely to spread to the neighbours. Now that people are waking up to the importance of "open-air" treatment, they must begin to recognise that the most important element in the home is the garden, without which, as Bacon says, "buildings and palaces are but



WHERE THE POOR MIGHT LIVE.



WHERE THE POOR LIVE AT EYNSFORD.



PLAN OF CONDEMNED COTTAGE.

grosse handy workes." Believe me, you are doing a good work, and if you are stopped by bye-laws originally devised for city slums, it will, to my thinking, be a public calamity. Believe me, very truly yours, G. V. POORE."

[The extraordinary circumstances in which the Dartford Rural Council have demanded that Mr. Till shall pull down the cottage so graphically described by Dr. Poore, are explained in our leading article on page 546.—ED.]

#### THE DANGERS OF COVERT SHOOTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 11th, page 476, I notice in the "Shooting Notes," under the head of "The Dangers of Covert Shooting," your correspondent gave some very sound advice about not traversing the gun across the line, and referred to "beginners" as being particularly liable to do so. Now it seems to me that "beginners" are not so much to blame for the serious accidents which take place every year as careless "old shooters." I have shot grouse, pheasants, partridges, etc., regularly each season for twenty-five years, and though I have been out with many young shooters, I am glad to say I never saw a single case where a beginner was the cause of a serious accident. On the other hand, I do know several instances where older sportsmen have done some damage. Many years ago I was one of a party on a Yorkshire moor shooting driven grouse. In the butt with me was a nephew, a boy in his teens, who wished to see the fun. My neighbour, a man of about forty years, was considered a good shot. A single bird happened to come exactly between us. I looked to see if he would fire, and to my horror found him following the bird with his gun, which in another instant would be pointed direct at us. I exclaimed "Down, Fred!" We were only just quick enough, for our hats received a great

part of the charge, which would have damaged us both seriously if it had hit us in the face. Some years later this nephew was going on to the same moor to shoot driven grouse for the first time. One of the senior members of the party gave the young fellow any amount of advice: what to do, what not to do, etc. During the day, however, the old gentleman put four pellets in my nephew's cheek quite close to the eye, in his gun stock, and many more in his clothes. One day the keeper was in the butt with me, when the next shooter gave us each the benefit of half a charge of shot on our backs. A few seasons later this same gentleman shot in line again, but this time he knocked his neighbour's eye out. He was not a "beginner," nor could he lay claim to be called "a young shooter," having himself rented the moor on which the accident took place for over twenty years. I know six gentlemen personally who have had the misfortune to lose one eye when out shooting. In five of these cases those who did the damage were supposed to be experienced shooters; in the other the man who was injured was himself to blame, having gone out of his butt during the drive. The object of my letter is to draw attention to the point that a sporting paper might very appropriately devote a few words of advice to old sportsmen, recommending them not to become greedy and careless shots.—GEORGE H. HODGSON, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

#### MEAT OR MUSIC?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may seem a somewhat significant sign of the times and interesting to your readers if I may be permitted to relate the following incident: A friend of mine recently had occasion to advertise for a cook for his family and also for a teacher of music for his children. The following was the result: He received

nine replies to the former advertisement, and no fewer than 389 to the latter. Surely the young man of the period who may be contemplating entering into the bonds of matrimony, and who prefers music with charms to soothe rather than the mere physical gratification of well-cooked steaks, chops, or potatoes, has a fine time ahead of him. The "good time coming" will have come at last.—T. THATCHER.

#### HOW TO MAKE A BIRD-TABLE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I shall be very much obliged if any of your correspondents can give me directions as to how to make a bird-table. I think I have seen instructions about it in a former number of *COUNTRY LIFE*, either last autumn or early in this year.—F. S. C.

[A "bird-table" need not be a table in more than name. The birds are glad enough to make any part of the lawn their table and eat off that if you will supply the food. To prevent the sparrows from monopolising the banquet, the table may be marked out with string or wire stretched about seven inches above the ground. Other birds will pass under the string, but the sparrows suspect a trap, and rarely venture. To keep the food clean and tidy, a board may be used as a table, with the string stretched from upright wires at the four corners. A certain number of interesting birds, robins, hedge-sparrows, tits, chaffinches, nuthatches, etc., will come to a raised table on a window-sill, which may be made of a board laid upon a couple of bricks at each end; and the same birds will come to a swinging table suspended by wires or string in a verandah. A coconut cut in halves or with a hole cut in the side can be hung up with wire, and will be regularly visited by tits and robins, as will a lump of suet or cheese similarly suspended. Almonds strung on a wire, slung between two posts of a verandah, will induce the different kinds of tits to perform acrobatic feats all day long before the window; or you can hang opened walnuts or almonds separately upon short strings from a bar, and observe the different ways in which some tits will hang at the end of the string and others will sit on the bar and pull up the string. A "Christmas tree" for the birds is a pretty device. It can be made in any shape, and the different kinds of food placed beneath or attached to the branches in various ways suited to the habits of different birds. A well-arranged "tree" will be the focus of active bird-life all day long for months.—ED.]

#### WEIGHING STAGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is a point in regard to stalking on which I should be very glad to have your authoritative opinion—that is, in respect to the weighing of the deer. It has been my custom always to weigh stags with the liver and heart in them, but a friend of mine, whose experience is considerable, tells me that this is quite wrong, and that they should be weighed without either heart or liver. Would you kindly tell me what is the recognised and proper custom in this respect?—F. L.

[We are afraid that you ask a question to which there is no "authoritative" answer. The question, singular as it may seem, remains in dispute. There is no "recognised" custom. We may say, probably, that most owners of forests weigh their stags with the heart and liver in them. It is usual to see the skers return these to the empty carcass when the galling process has been completed, and the stag is commonly weighed plus these appendages. The argument of those who do otherwise is that the stag is not strictly "clean" with any of these internal organs left. On the other hand, it is urged that "clean" means merely with those parts that are not eatable taken out. But the gillies eat certain portions also that never are left in when the stag is weighed "clean," as it is called. It is a question that ought to be settled, and could very easily be settled by a consensus of opinion among a few of the leading owners of deer forests; and if any of these would care to send us



their views on the matter, it might pave the way to a settlement. As it is, there is an uncertainty and a difference in the manner of weighing that makes it impossible to compare properly the weights recorded.—ED.]

#### THE CATS' NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Quite recently, in the garden of a house on the estate of Cald Manor, a few miles from here, the plaintive cry of young kittens caught the ear of those then in the house. It was discovered that their home was in an old gorse bush of considerable growth on the side of a rocky ascent, the whole garden being on sloping ground. The mother—almost completely black, with only a small touch of white on the breast—was evidently a cat of some distinction, for she wore an ornamental collar with a bell, but without a name. In her trouble she had, by some mischance, got one leg through this, and when found the fur had been much removed from under the shoulder. The family consisted of five in addition to herself. It was not easy to secure a photograph of them, and the

mother was particularly modest in keeping in the background. But it may interest your readers to see them as they really appeared, and I venture to enclose copies of two efforts to photograph them. One shows only three, but gives a clearer delineation of the gorse bush. The second shows the whole of the brood, though nothing would induce the mother to be "perpetuated thus." It is probably not unusual for a domesticated cat to bring forth her brood under semi-wild conditions, but it is not quite usual to secure photographs of them. That is, therefore, the reason why I send you copies.—JOHN ELLIOT, Hoylake, Cheshire. [We can spare room for only one of the photographs.—ED.]

#### FAITHFUL TO HIS DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is the little dog Kaiser Wilhelm, for whose sake Colonel and Mrs. Dowden are in exile at Dieppe. Colonel Dowden retired after forty years' service, and desired to end his days in his native land. But this wish was not accorded him, as quarantine regulations caused him to be again expatriated, and rather than be parted from his dog he chooses to be parted from his country.—X.

#### A POACHER'S READY WIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following true tale of an East Suffolk poacher may amuse your readers: A hare was found alive in a snare not far from the path. Two keepers laid up in a ditch to watch developments. A notorious poacher shortly appeared, got over the hedge, and stooped to pick up his victim. As the keepers prepared to rush out on him, a stick snapped. Without looking round, the poacher grasped the situation at once. Releasing the hare with

"There, there, poor dumb beast, you're all right!" he straightened himself and watched her make off, with a benevolent smile on his face.—GROUSE.

#### NORWEGIAN FISHERMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of some Norwegian children fishing in a tidal pool near Jaegervand, about 200 miles north of the Arctic circle. Its only merit lies in the unconsciousness of the little fishermen, which,

when a camera is about, is as unusual as it is essential if something pictorial is aimed at. All day long these boys would fish with their homely tackle, and they never seemed to discover that it was only for about half-an-hour, at the turn of the tide, that fish would take any notice of worm or fly. During that half-hour, however, excellent sport could be had in the tiny lake, and my husband and I secured several beautiful-looking sea-trout of 2½ lb. or so, with a big, fluffy grey fly of local make, purchased in Tromsø, and more deadly than any of the English flies we had with us.—E. LE BLOND.

